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DONDE ESTE MIS PANTELONES?

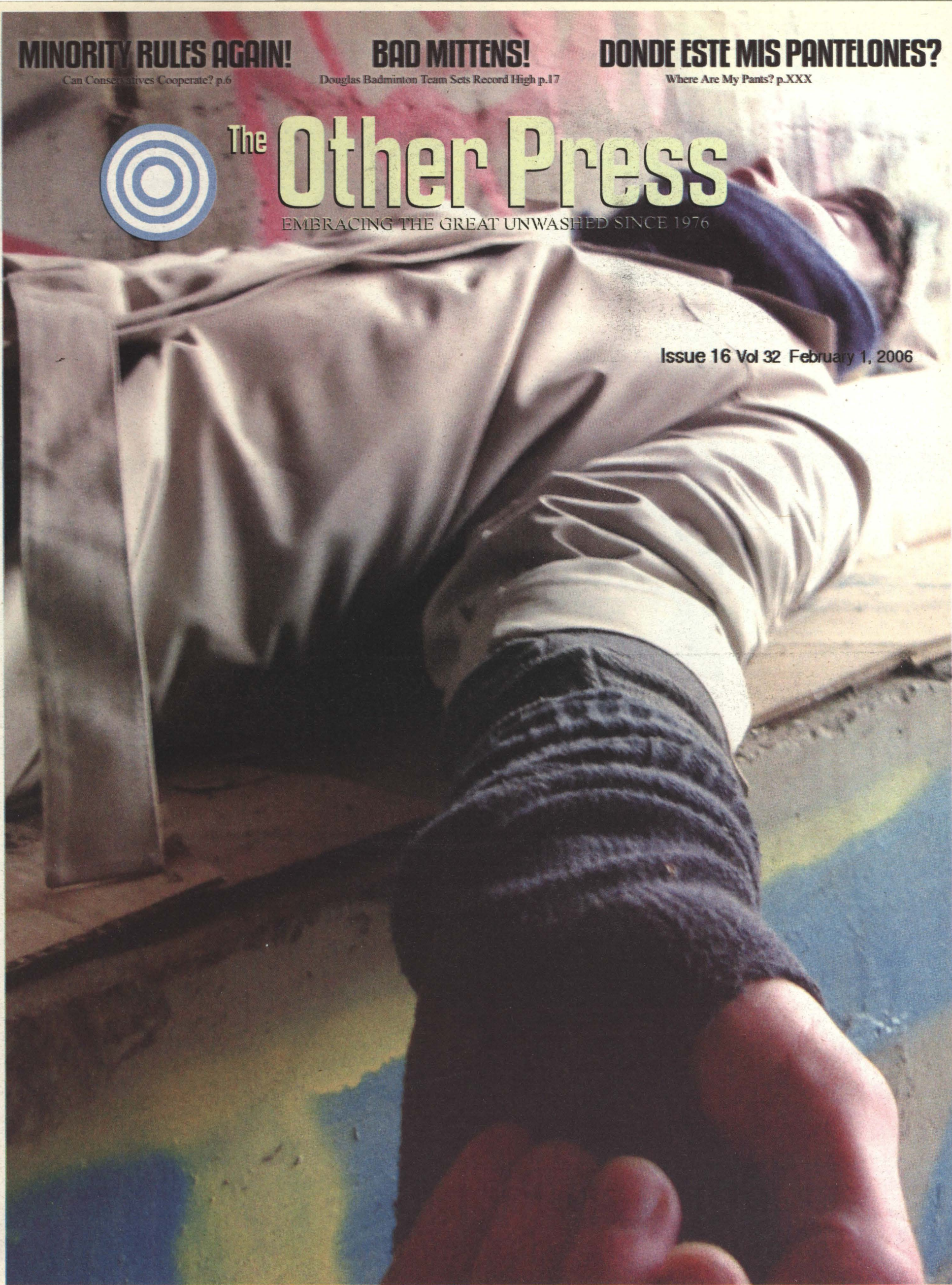
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The Other Press

EMBRACING THE GREAT UNWASHED SINCE 1976

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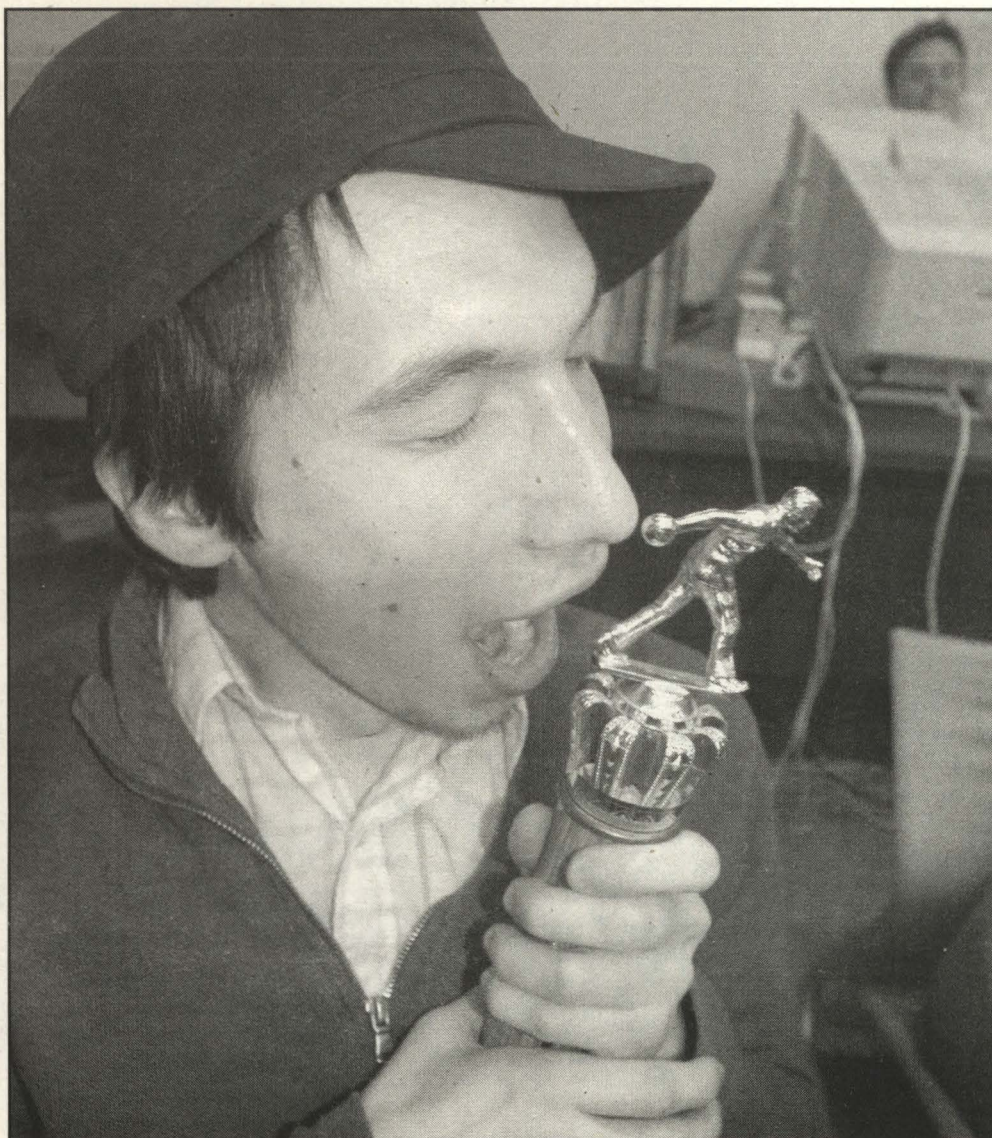
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The Other Press is Douglas College's autonomous student newspaper.

The Other Press is run by a collective and is published weekly during the fall and winter semesters, and monthly (as a magazine) during the summer.

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February 1, 2006



A big shout-out to Brady Ehler, this weeks winner of the prestigious OP Bowling Pulitzer for employee of the week.

Nice!

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The weekly deadline for submissions is Wednesday for publication the following Wednesday. Letters to the Editor, vacant sections, and "time-sensitive" articles (weekend news, sports, and cultural reviews) will be accepted until Saturday noon and can be submitted to the editor at: othereditor@yahoo.ca

All other submissions should be forwarded to the appropriate section editor. Please include your name, phone number/email address, and word count, and submit via email as an MS Word.doc attachment to the attention of the appropriate editor.

The Other Press is run by a collective, which means all decisions are reached via a democratic voting process. Membership in the voting collective is open to any person who has contributed to at least two of three consecutive issues. Those interested in joining the Other Press collective should contact the editor at othereditor@yahoo.ca

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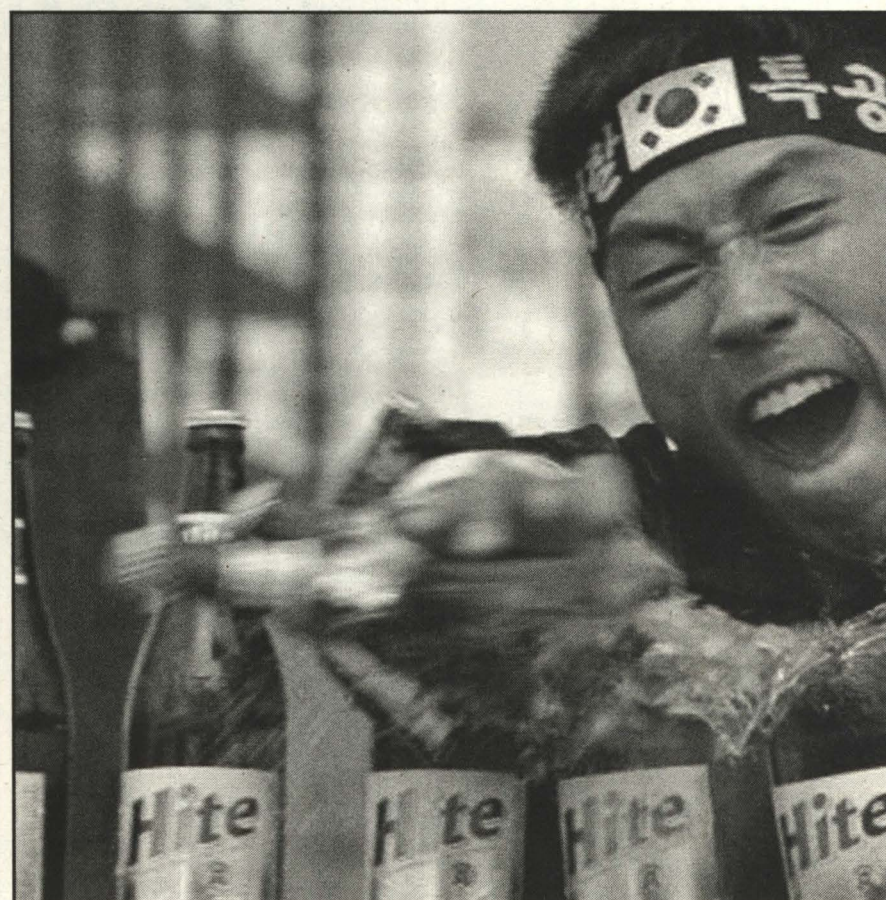
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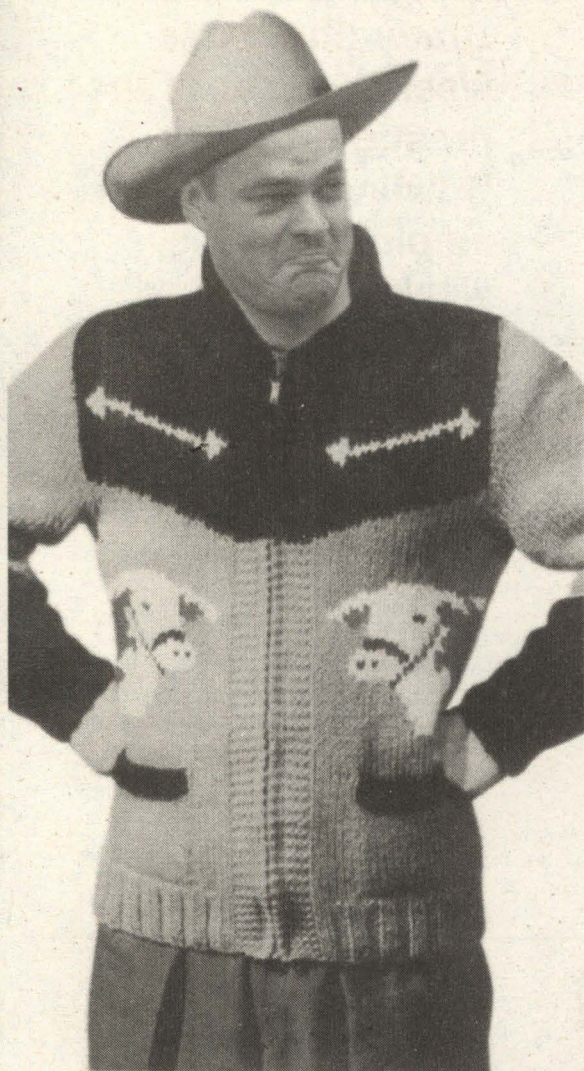
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THE OP MUSIC CHARTS - Otherwise known as...
What we listened to during the creation of this issue:

Mountain Goats—The Sunset Tree
Death Cab For Cutie—Transatlanticism
Sloan—Twice Removed
Spirit Of The West—Tripping Up The Stairs
Sufjan Stevens—Illinoise





Well, we're back from our little hiatus, and boy, have a lot of things changed since last we spoke. Stephen Harper and his Conservatives won a minority government in the federal elections, I have returned from Mexico, damaged but breathing, and Mid-terms are starting to make the journey from our collective nightmares, to day timers, to reality.

But more than all that, it turns out that I, like Lucille Ball in *I Love Lucy*, "have some 'splainin' to do." I mean, we've been getting a little out of hand here at the Other Press lately, making bold and sweeping claims with our cover tag lines (those three little titles across the top of each cover). These claims usually fall under one of two categories:

The horribly bad pun, or
Complete buffoonery.

It turns out that we sometimes, in our rush to make you smile, upset some people with our poor taste and outright ability to bend reality to our perverse wills. I, therefore, would like to take this week's Lettitor to set the record straight on a few key issues.

"The Other Press wishes to state that News Editor, Nicole Burton, did not vote Communist in the federal election, as was suggested in a tag line on the cover of the last issue (January 18, 2006). We also wish to state that Iain Reeve is not, to our knowledge, gay (not that there would be anything wrong with that). Furthermore, we hereby proclaim that 9 out of 10 elderly people do not really hate Brandon Ferguson (those numbers were admittedly soft), and I, Colin Miley, cannot fly, is not really an alchemist, and does not give free editorial lap dances on Thursdays (they cost five bucks for ten minutes, no touching, no release). Getting back to Brandon, we have never seen him

touching either "minors" or "miners." We find both of those images too grisly to even consider, and admit that we were a little tipsy when we came up with those tag lines.

We would like to state, once and for all, our burning desire, as a collective of admittedly ill repute, to see the people of Tibet freed from tyranny, and His Holiness, the Dali Lama, be allowed to return to his native country. We also wish to state that the nicknames that we give ourselves in the masthead on page two every week are purely fictitious, except for the one given to Ed Keech, who really does bear the nickname "The Western Stranger" these days.

In addition, we wish to state that we are entirely unsure as to which came first, the chicken or the egg. We are also cloudy on the issue of whether life imitates art, or if the opposite is actually closer to the truth. Finally, we wish to state that, although we do a lot of *non-sequitur*-style joking around here at the Other Press, we only do it because we are desperately starved for both attention and thrills, and feel a need to compensate by sitting back and lobbing verbal grenades at each other indiscriminately. We understand it's childish and likely in poor taste, and most of us are ok with that."

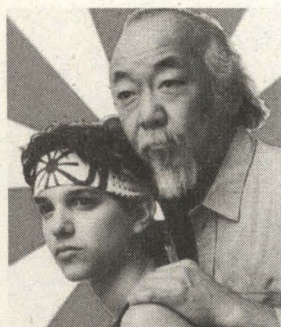
Whew, now that we've got that out of the way, we'd also like to state that this week's Other Press is a scintillating festival of magic and wizardry, complete with superheroes, conservative political coups, and everybody's second favourite mitten, Badminton. So, with a wink, a nod, and a Happy Year of the Dog, it's the Other Press for February 1, 2006.

—Colin Miley, Managing Editor

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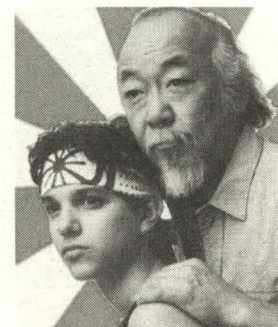
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Prime Minister who?



Investigative Reporter,
J.J. McCullough, OP Contributor

This week, Oliver Neenan asks, "Why does the media call Stephen Harper the 'Prime Minister-designate' and not the 'Prime Minister-elect'?"

"Prime Minister-designate" is an odd term used to describe the man or woman who has been elected Prime Minister, but has not yet officially been sworn in to the office. Immediately after last week's January 23rd election, Conservative Party leader Stephen Harper became the PM-designate, a title the media will use to describe him until he is sworn in on February 6.

So if he was elected, why is he called "designate" and not "elect," as in President-elect or MP-elect? Well, it all has to do with constitutional formalities. Technically, the Prime Minister of Canada is not an elected official, but rather an appointed one. In the hours following a federal election, the Governor General of Canada calls the leader of the victorious political party and asks him or her to "form a government." Harper is thus called the Prime Minister-designate because he has been "designated" to the office by Michaëlle Jean, the Governor General.

Got a question you need investigated?
Email wart_mamu@yahoo.com

EVENTS CALENDAR

sPaRtAcUs BoOkS Grand Re-opening / Open House!

Sunday, February 5,
1pm-7pm at our new store:
319 West Hastings, 2nd floor

Big Sisters Information Session Being Held in New Westminster

Thursday, February 9,
7-8pm
New Westminster Public Library
716 6th Avenue, New Westminster
To register please call Big Sisters at
604.873.4525 ext. 300 or email
ledamura@bigsisters.bc.ca
www.bigsisters.bc.ca

5th Annual Co-Development Canada Film Festival: Imagining Possibilities

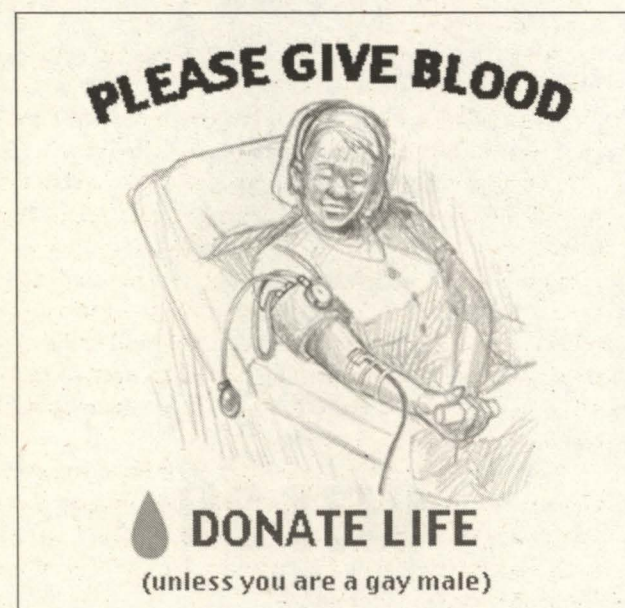
February 10-12 at Langara College
100 W. 49th Avenue, Vancouver
For details check out
www.codev.org/filmfest or contact
filmfest@codev.org

Picket Action!

Free the Cuban 5 Held in US Jails!
Monday, February 13, 12pm-1pm
US Consulate
1095 West Pender @ Thurlow,
Vancouver
Organized by: Free the Cuban 5
Committee-Vancouver
Endorsed by: Vancouver Communities
in Solidarity with Cuba (VCSC)
For more information:
www.vancubasolidarity.com/freethe-
fivevan.html
cuban5_van@yahoo.com 604.719.6947

Blood drive at McGill shut down after protest Demonstrators take on Héma-Québec's blood screening

Sarah Colgrove, The McGill Daily (McGill University)



MONTREAL (CUP)—Héma-Québec shut down its on-campus blood drive at McGill this week after students lined up in drag and blasted "Tainted Love" to protest the collection agency's policy that excludes men who have had sex with men (MSM) from donating blood.

About 30 would-be donors, half of them demonstrators, had registered and were waiting to see a nurse when the blood drive was closed, about an hour after demonstrators lined up inside the building where the drive was taking place.

Héma-Québec director, Pierre Julien, said he had received a tip that people would appear and lie about their sexual history. Posters that appeared across campus on Tuesday invited students to "act faggy, do drag, and lie about [their] sexual history," in solidarity with MSM.

"We cannot accept people who are lying—we can't take

that risk," said Julien before he closed the drive. He refused to comment further.

However, demonstrators said they were not encouraging ineligible people to lie and donate blood, but urging people who were eligible to invent unusual circumstances that might prevent them from donating.

"People are going to lie...in order to expose the sexual prejudices underlying the exclusion policies," explained Adrian Bondy, a third-year Linguistics student. "We're not trying to include anyone who couldn't donate under the current restrictions."

Bondy said that the current policy is left over from early conceptions of AIDS that equated homosexuality and deviance with the virus.

"This is part of a larger homophobic and sex-phobic AIDS response in Canada for the past 20 years," Bondy said. "This is overt discrimination that limits the blood supply."

Some demonstrators were planning to say that they were women who had had sex with a MSM, and to ask why they were eligible, while their partner would not be.

Héma-Québec's current policy permanently bans any man who has had sex with a man since 1977 from donating blood, whereas a woman who has had sex with a MSM is excluded for only one year.

"Why can an MSM who has always worn protection not give blood whereas a woman who has always had unprotected sex can?" asked Jamie Cudmore, a second-year International Development Studies student.

Some other demonstrators targeted policies that prevent people who have spent more than three days in jail or have performed sexual acts in exchange for money from donating blood.

"I'm going to ask explicit questions about what counts as having sex and give descriptions and examples," said Josh Pavan, second-year Political Science and Women's

Studies student. "If that falls through, I'll tell them I was in prison for 24 hours and got raped, but I'm not sure if it was by a woman or a man."

In an impromptu meeting at the beginning of the demonstration, Héma-Québec organizers said that they would not close down the drive as long as demonstrators did not lie during the screening process.

However when student union president, Adam Conter, and VP communications and events, Roz Freeman, tried to explain that demonstrators would only lie to make a statement, not to become eligible, Julien threatened to block demonstrators from giving blood. The executives said that they convinced Julien not to shut out the demonstrators. But at 3:30 pm, he shut down the entire blood drive, saying it would open again in the morning.

Freeman said the student union would be increasing its pressure on Héma-Québec to revisit its policy in the coming weeks, beginning with a meeting with the blood organization's chair. Last semester, the student council sent a letter requesting a reevaluation, but Héma-Québec has taken no action so far.

Marcel Beaudere, who has volunteered for eight years with Héma-Québec, reiterated Héma-Québec's stance that MSM are the highest-risk group for HIV infection, and that excluding them from donating blood protects blood recipients. He added that nurses may mark a donation if they think that a recipient is lying, and that it might be thrown away.

One Héma-Québec employee, who spoke under the condition of anonymity because employees are not allowed to speak to the press, speculated that the blood drive was closed to save money.

"If those people give blood, their samples are going to be questionable, and if we have to throw away a bag of blood, [that's] between 300 and 400 dollars," said the employee.

B Sides: Memory Lane and Roads Best Left Untravelled

Brandon Ferguson, Opinions Editor



Next to possibly contracting Hepatitis C from either the shady Thai food place on Spadina or maybe from kissing the hand of the Queen of Ethiopia (who reigns from beside a Smithrite garbage bin), the one thing I'll take away from my time at the 68th Annual CUP Conference is both my sexuality soundly secured and my virgin asshole safely in tact.

As with most student conferences, this one had its usual ups and downs: late nights, early mornings (or so I'm told), good speakers, bad food, pubescent girls on the cusp of babedom and boring boys on the threshold of balding; overpriced drinks, underweight dinks, overzealous security dudes with undue harassment and crude hankerings for long overdue sex. All in all, a terribly predictable affair.

On the seventh and final night, amid the usual drama where friends realize who their friends really are, I took to the streets at around four in the morning to find out who I really was...again. Maybe I *was* just looking to buy more cigarettes; maybe I *was* secretly stalking Hillary Duff, in town that night playing the ACC; or maybe I simply needed to put my feet, iPod, and this wonderfully playful yet sinisterly speedy Playboy ecstasy to work.

Whatever the case, dressed in jogging pants, a Legion's blue blazer, and a Captain's hat, I strolled out into the brisk darkness of a Torontonion night.

All week we'd been walking away from west; past the same Tim Horton's, by the same Montreal smoked-meat shack, towards the same damn subway station; but rarely to the right. Among my mom's more memorable Yogi Berra-like mantras—my personal favourite being "time takes time"—she always said that you can't go wrong when you turn right.

And a-right we go.

After making my way to a gas station to get smokes, Sour Patch Kids, and some M&M's, I followed the sound south, down Spadina and up and over an orgy of snaking rail lines, down by the SkyDome and on to the wharf. When you're in Toronto and you want to find Lake Ontario, take a whiff—you smell for shit.

My reasons for finding the wharf were twofold: I couldn't smell anything, so the water's unwelcome waft was a moot point; and, two years ago on my first trip to Toronto, I was arrested on the wharf and detained in the Arts Centre. This nostalgic walk was more about reliving memory than taking advantage of my nose's sensory misgivings.

There's an outdoor skating rink down on the water, next to the Arts Centre, in among benches, walkways, and

stages. As I completed a wobbly axle and a klutzy lutz, an SUV slowly stalked along the rink side. A few strong glides and I'd reach the other side...just in time to find Sam, the sexually repressed, completely gay, security guard.

I waved to the truck, which had stopped at my exit point. Walking over to it, there was an ominous stink to it—not threatening, but not safe. Idle chit chat as the SUV revved in neutral while my insides spun in fifth gear (why do Torontonians and Vancouverites always talk about the weather?), and the security guard asked if I wanted a tour of the Arts Centre.

Well, it *was* cold out. And it *was* the scene of my crime. And it *was* 5am, so...nothing dodgy about this. He parked up ahead and I Motown shuffled on over while turning my music off.

"I'm Sam," he said, offering a big leather paw to shake.

"I'm Raoul," I returned, bearing in mind how much I hate authority, real or pretend.

We walked silently into the dark Arts Centre. He, a Torontonion of Middle Eastern descent, jingle-jangled his keys ahead of me while strutting that security guard walk that simultaneously says "king of the world" and "gym class wedgie victim." I stepped to unheard songs and surfed on unseen waves as my eyes darted back and forth in time to my hips.

Pulling up a stair on the far foyer, we pick up the mantle of meaningless banter.

"How long have you worked this 'beat'?" I ask, knowing guard geeks love cop lingo.

"A year and a half," he says, a sense of pride sliding from his tongue with his tremendous lisp.

"Any crazy shit 'go down'?" I ask.

"Not much," he answers, with a giggle.

We talk for a bit about careers and life choices and the differences between our cities; an otherwise amusingly mundane diatribe between two dorks at a coffee shop—if, of course, the coffee shop was an arts centre at 5am, one of the dorks was dressed like a sailor on E, and the other a Velcro-badge cop with a Taser.

And then the subject changed faster than a cabaret dancer.

"Stho," he slithers, "what kind of crazy sthtuff to guyth like you get up to?"

"I don't know, Sam," I say, wondering why the moon works and how it makes such crazy shadows way down here on earth. "Sometimes guys like me dress up in sailor outfits, get ripped on E, and walk around downtown Toronto listening to tunes and skating on rinks."

"Really?" he says with excitement and more giggles. "You're on E right now?" Giggle.

Shit. "Yeah, Sammy. In Vancouver, we do all kinds of crazy stuff."

Sam turns towards me, animated. "Like what sthort of sthtuff..."

"I don't know, guy..."

"Well, I like to do crazy things all the time...I mean, I go crazy..."

I look him in the eye. I'm curious, but only about what this guy's life is like. "What sort of things, Sammy?"

"All kinds of things..."

He goes on to tell me all about going to clubs, dancing with "girlsth, guysth, whatever," and how his gay friend Chris thinks he's wild and how he'd *totally* consider going all the way.

I tell him about Vancouver, about how wonderful the diversity of our city is, how on any given night you can be any given person...and be celebrated for it. I tell him about my time dancing at The Odyssey, about how much I love the gay culture, about how much I wish I were bi-sexual.

"Really?" he says with a squeak. "You're...not? You seem bi."

"I'd love to be, man, but it's just not how I'm made. But wouldn't it be great if you could fuck the whole world like Osama bin Laden?"

He laughs, thankfully. I tell him my stock speech about why I'm not gay (stubble; plain and simple, it's stubble) and about one of my hetero exploits involving multiple partners, champagne, strawberries, and Bodywoods (ask your local blow dealer).

"Wow, that's stho hot," he says. "I think I'm getting kinda hard from that one."

He grabs his crotch. I gulp. He looks at me and I realize that I'm about to be ass-raped by a rent-a-cop.

I pull the E-brake, crank the steering wheel, and buckle my belt a little tighter. "Look Sammy," I say, knocking him on the knee. "I just want you to know that you're not going to fuck me tonight, if that's what you're wondering."

For a few seconds, there's only the sound of imaginary crickets and unwritten parking tickets. His head looks to his shoes, his mouth is agape. He shakes his head a little and squeaks like a 10-year-old who took too many cookies and has been caught, "I...wasn't..."

"Yes you were, Sammy, and that's okay. Have you ever come to terms with the fact that you're gay? Because that's pretty okay where I come from."

His mouth is now only slightly ajar. He's looking at me. My hand is on his shoulder.

"You know, Sammy, if you ever come out to Vancouver, I'd be happy to take you out and show you a good time, because that's what we're all about. It's what we should all be about."

He didn't say too much after that. We made the motions of men who have places to be at 5:30am; we moseyed over to the door, where we shook hands like men but smiled like friends. I thanked him for letting me warm up and he thanked me for hanging out.

Being gay can be awfully tough when you're growing up; maybe harder once you're done. Like any station in life, you can only be where you're wanted, and if they matter, then you're only wanted when you're you.

People just need a little respect and space to figure it out sometimes. Take a walk; fuck a dude; whatever. It just takes time. Time takes time.

Right Hook: The day has finally come



Right Hook

JJ McCullough, OP Vindicated Columnist

As we slowly progress through the excruciating evolution from teenagers to adults, one of the most interesting steps along the way is the development of our political consciousness. Throughout childhood and our early teens, politics is simply a boring world of “adult” problems that are too complicated, confusing, and strange to focus much attention on. To be sure, some people never evolve out of this phase; but as the years progress, most of us slowly find ourselves gradually being able to comprehend the once baffling world of government. This new knowledge in turn breeds opinion, and opinion breeds new identities as we begin to self-identify as both political observers and actors.

I must have been around 16 or so when I first started to develop any sort of coherent understanding of politics. Truth be told, this rising interest was largely a byproduct of my already strong interest in cartooning. Studying the amazing artwork of cartoonists like Gerald

Scarfe and Pat Oliphant, I became interested in the field of editorial cartooning myself, which in turn required I start paying attention to current events so I'd have things to draw. At that time Canada's Prime Minister was still Jean Chretien, who had been in power for about seven years and was just gearing up to win his third consecutive election. He came to power when I was about nine years old, and was thus the only leader of Canada I had ever known by name.

When I joined the Other Press in 2002, Chretien was still Prime Minister. By then, having spent much time in the interim studying the careers of Thatcher and Reagan, I had fully evolved from a naive and ignorant kid to a bitter, jaded conservative. For three years at the OP I wrote my column, *Right Hook*, criticizing Chretien and the Liberal Party on numerous fronts, blasting their anti-Americanism, their corruption, and their increasingly authoritarian style of governance. In 2003, in particular, I wrote many columns about the then-ongoing Iraq war, and harshly belittled Chretien's government for refusing to back the United States in its overthrow of Saddam Hussein's despotic regime. I remember how my columns at that time generated a flurry of hate mail towards the Other Press, as angry, left-wing students wrote in lengthy rants calling me all sorts of names, or even demanding I be fired from the newspaper for voicing my unpleasant right-wing views.

I recount all this because I've been feeling particularly

reflective lately. For my entire politically-aware life, I have lived under a left-wing government, been educated by left-wing teachers, watched left-wing media, and hung out with left-wing friends. I've always felt like an ideological minority, and at times even a persecuted one at that.

Last week, however, everything changed. Canada now has a strongly right-wing Prime Minister, who has spent his entire adult life passionately devoted to the cause of conservatism. Regardless of his future victories or failures, it is hard not to feel an enormous sense of vindication in the simple fact that finally, *finally* my country has a leader that I can praise, and not criticize; respect, and not belittle. Even if Harper ultimately goes the way of Joe Clark, and only ends up serving for a couple of months, the fact that he was elected to power can never be undone. Fifty years from now, I will be able to look back at a list of Prime Ministers of Canada and still see his name. Future generations will always learn that (at least at one point) Canada had a leader who admired the United States and respected its president, who supported the controversial liberation of Iraq, who detested the corruption of the Liberal Party and the excesses of the far-left, who had a vision for reforming the parliamentary system, and who understood the simple axiom that a government that governs best governs least.

Harper's victory is a victory for those who have sat frustrated on the sidelines for so very very long. It makes me proud to be Canadian..

Settle Down Kids: The country isn't doomed...yet



Leftovers

Iain Reeve, OP Tella

I write to you this week, dear readers, as I return to Vancouver from Toronto and the 68 Annual Canadian University Press Conference. I spent the last of my seven nights in Toronto glued to my TV as the next couple years of Canada's politics were unveiled with a relatively uncertain amount of clarity. I was also fortunate enough to have some great conversations with young journalists from all across this great country, as we reflected on the first Conservative government in over a decade.

One man's surprise is another's easy call. Personally, I expected a Conservative minority and never really entertained the talks of a majority. I expected some gains in Quebec, and I assumed the Liberals would stay above 100 seats. Canadians, especially in Ontario, still seem hesitant about writing the Tories a blank cheque. What I did not expect was the sudden departure of Paul Martin and the

degree to which the NDP improved their standing.

Gaining ten seats and doubling their share in BC, the NDP may just have a chance to shine and return to past glory. The next few years could see the NDP return to 1970s seat levels and become a valid third party, or a return of the Liberals could once again shove them to the margins. They need to show they can get it done.

It seemed certain that Martin would be on the way out if the Liberals lost, but I expected the news to come after a few weeks rather than on election night. In a way, one must feel bad for someone who was popularly perceived to have so much promise. Who's next? I dunno—maybe Belinda Stronach—that would be something. New blood I say. More likely, however, is Frank McKenna, former New Brunswick premier and US ambassador. He quit that post last week; perhaps he can bring new life to the party. Martin has been a dud Prime Minister; the question is whether Stephen Harper will be.

Harper faces a challenge unlike any that has come in recent Canadian history. He is a significant distance—some 30 plus seats—from the amount necessary to carry a motion. He cannot rely on just the NDP as their combined seat total is two shy. Sad as it is, but the party holding the balance of power is inevitably the Liberals. To be effective, the Tories will have to make buddy-buddy with the party they just forced to sit in the somewhat-less-comfortable seats on the other side of the house.

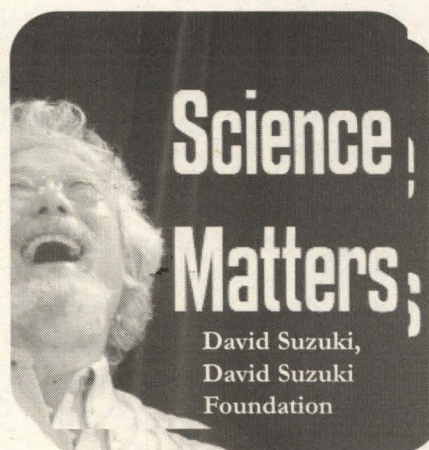
So how are progressive Canadians to think of this outcome? For Liberal supporters, you can confide in the fact that your party is in need of a reboot and will probably get it. New leadership and some trimming of the fat will create a tighter group with a new vision. Reaction to conservative

politics will lead the Liberals back to the social and, perhaps, even fiscal left to some degree. They will also feel the pinch to actually deliver on promises; competition is good. NDP supporters can be happy about the great showing their party had, especially in BC, and can look forward to having a fairly significant impact on policy.

So while Harper starts getting his butt-print firmly imbedded in the PM seat, and while Conservative backbenchers laugh off having to ask Liberals to get out of their seats, Canada will be treated to another uncertain minority parliament. Harper was public enemy number one in damaging the coherence, civility, and effectiveness of the last parliament. Now that he is representing all of Canada, not just his voters, he better put on his cooperation pants and hope he can make three parties on the other side of the political spectrum groove to his tunes. We can expect the big fiscal and government promises GST cut, accountability act, senate reform to blaze forward, while social policy and programs will move slowly. Canadians may not get all they wanted out of Harper and friends, but to avoid the quagmire of letting the house go blue, I think we'll deal.

So buck up lefties. It had to happen eventually. Accountability demanded it. Until the NDP, or please God the Greens, make a bigger appearance, we can accept Conservatives in a minority setting. We can't have Liberals forever—that's what led to corruption and the impression that they could make promises they didn't need to keep. So lay back and try to smile. Create a picture in your head of the day Harper has to step down. It's as calming as a glass of scotch and vanilla incense.

Climate change has unexpected effects



On the surface, global warming may seem like a pretty simple process. Excess “greenhouse” gases trap heat in the atmosphere, making the world warmer. But that’s not all that happens. Our climate is actually very complex and intimately connected to life on Earth. Seemingly minor changes can have profound repercussions.

Consider ocean currents. Remember that big blockbuster movie a few years ago based on the theory of rapid climate change? Well, it wasn’t exactly rocket science, but it was based on a kernel of truth. In the movie, global warming triggers a collapse of the “thermohaline circulation,” a system of currents including the Gulf Stream that circulate water in the Atlantic. Eastern North America and Western Europe depend on this circulation to bring warmer water up from the tropics and help moderate their climates.

According to the Hollywood version, a collapse of the thermohaline circulation would thrust New York and London into an instant ice age. Reality is less dramatic, of course, but recent evidence has found that this massive system can indeed be disrupted and it has happened fairly recently. A study by NASA’s Goddard Institute for Space Studies looked at the last event, which is thought to have occurred 8,200 years ago when an ice dam in Canada burst, sending a massive flood of freshwater into the Arctic Ocean. This reduced the Arctic’s salinity and slowed the thermohaline current, dropping temperatures in Greenland by up to seven degrees Celsius for three centuries.

Results of another study, published this fall in *Nature*, show that the thermohaline current may again be weakening, this time as a result of melting snow and glaciers due to climate change. Last year, a team of scientists from the UK’s National Oceanography Centre sampled water temperature and salinity every 50 kilometres in the Atlantic between the Bahamas and the Canary Islands. They compared data from these samples to data from water collected on four other trips dating back as far as 1957 and concluded that today’s current seems to be 30 percent weaker than it was 50 years ago. So far, air temperatures in Western Europe do not appear to have been affected by the change.

In the tropics, however, small changes in air temperature attributed to global warming are believed to be responsible for the widespread extinction of amphibians. According to a recent paper published in *Nature*, climate change is altering cloud cover in the mountains of Central and South America, leading to cooler days and warmer nights. This change creates ideal living conditions for a pathogenic fungus, which attaches itself to amphib-



ians, such as frogs, causing dehydration and eventually death.

The fungus has taken a real toll in the tropical Americas, where 67 percent of 110 species of harlequin frog in the region have died out in just 20 years. Hardest hit have been those species living at mid-elevations, where researchers surmise conditions are optimal for growth of the fungus. They conclude that, “climate-driven epidemics are an immediate threat to biodiversity.”

Indeed, a changing climate has also been implicated

in the increase of nematode parasites in musk oxen and the continuing destruction of pine forests by the mountain pine beetle. The relationship between an increase in pathogens and a changing climate is also cause for concern in regards to human health. A warmer world may be a sicker one for humans as well.

Climate change is not a simple process. Our atmosphere, our oceans, and all life on the planet are interconnected. Seemingly small alterations in one area can reverberate through the entire system, affecting the health of a tremendous variety of species—including us.

On Politics

Chris Slightholme, DSU Pride Collective Volunteer

To all of you who attended the Federal Election 2006 All-Candidates Forums at Douglas College, I'm hoping that some of you are as disgusted as I am at what some of the candidates had to say about queer and women's issues. It looks like there will always be a handful of candidates who'd like nothing more than the opportunity to turn back the clock on basic human rights.

Marc Dalton, Conservative candidate for the Burnaby-New Westminster riding, stated that he supported a free vote on the same-sex marriage issue, adding that he personally supported the traditional definition of marriage. Really? Do you mean the traditional definition that a woman is nothing more than her husband's chattel, or personal property? He also stated that he is pro-life, or anti-choice. So, he would support turning back the clock on equal rights for the queer community, and doesn't think women should have the right to choose what's best for their own bodies.

It's always the same old right-wing, straight, white, able-bodied men that support tradition or traditional values, the same kind of tradition that gave them power over women, people of colour, the poor and working poor, and the queer community. The thought of that

man getting into power scares the bejeezus out of me.

Dick Estey, Independent candidate for the New Westminster-Coquitlam riding was, believe it or not, a little less enlightened than Dalton. His only contribution to the debate, other than admitting time and time again that he hadn't educated himself about the issues of most concern to the public, was that "politically correct" legislation and policies should not be supported. He used legislation to address Aboriginal issues as an example, adding that these were "racist to white people." The students in the audience were so shocked, we couldn't recover in time to boo the bastard. Okay Dick, you've shown me how wrong we all are. It's okay to take indigenous people's land away, lock them up in residential schools or reserves, and pervert their culture, language, and customs, but God forbid we make weak efforts to correct past wrongs by introducing legislation to increase funding, etc. for the same people we robbed, violated, and persecuted.

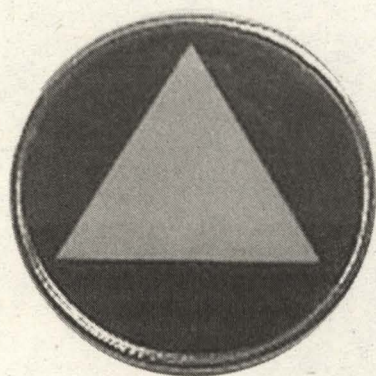
But wait, it actually got worse at the All Candidates Forum for the Westwood-Port Moody-Port Coquitlam Riding at the David Lam Campus last Thursday. Independent candidate Greg Watrich, after telling the crowd why it should value traditional marriage and fami-

lies to keep the birth rate up and sustain our "culture," decided to push it further with a rant about how Bill C-250 was "incompetent legislation" that only served to create a "hierarchy of rights" by hampering freedom of expression. Gee, I guess you're right Greg; we should all be free to hate and engage in acts of senseless violence, only to create a hierarchy of sub-class humans. How does that kind of thinking support his statement that society has to "protect what we already have?" It's people like Estey and Watrich who make the Conservative party look like Socialists in comparison.

Are these men so scared to lose the pathetic illusion of control they have acquired that they would verbally attack their own family and friends let alone the public they are trying to represent? Have they not noticed that Canadians have realized that the best way to make this country great is to dispose of old ideas and make all Canadians, whether straight, queer, man, and/or woman truly equal? So, I urge all of you to cast your future votes for a party that is willing to continue the fight to make all Canadians equal, without fear of violence, harassment, intimidation, and hate.

On Cowardice and Hatred

Chris Slightholme, DSU Pride Collective Volunteer



On my way to the Pride Resource Centre at the Students' Union Building SUB, I got to thinking, who would elect such stupid, hateful, and downright cowardly people? When I entered the SUB and saw that the Pride Collective's posters had been vandalized again, it hit me. *Douglas College students* would elect such stupid, hateful, and cowardly people. In fact, that's exactly what we did in March 2005, and that's exactly what's in store for us dur-

ing the DSU election this March if we don't pull our heads out of our asses, stop taking bribes like free beer (which hurts all students in the long run as it takes away from revenue that is supposed to go towards DSU campaigns and services) and after-hours pool and arcade games with select elected representatives, and start asking questions about why the DSU's campaigns, services, and finances have all gone to shit. And really, what exactly do our representatives do with their time and our money? The problem is, most of them can't answer that question honestly.

You may wonder why I would link vandalized Pride Collective posters to our elected representatives at the DSU. Well, friends, I was just getting to that. Homophobia and sundry homophobic acts against the Pride Collective have intensified in the SUB since last summer. Posters, stickers and pamphlets are slashed, torn off of walls, defaced, and vandalized on a regular basis (vandalism to Pride Collective materials on campus, however, has decreased). Gay individuals at the DSU's pub nights are routinely bullied, harassed, and intimidated or thrown out for no reason.

The DSU's Pride Liaison himself is so frustrated, that he has threatened to resign, leaving the Pride Collective without representation on the DSU's Board of Directors, or Representative Committee. The Douglas College queer community will essentially lose our voice and visibility with the same organization we pay dues to every semester to represent us. It's getting so bad that homophobia in the SUB has become a standing item on the agenda for Pride Collective meetings.

When homophobia in the SUB was first brought up at Pride Collective meetings, we all hoped that it was random acts by random people who were uncomfortable with queer-positive materials and space. Boy, were we ever wrong. On several occasions, members of the Pride

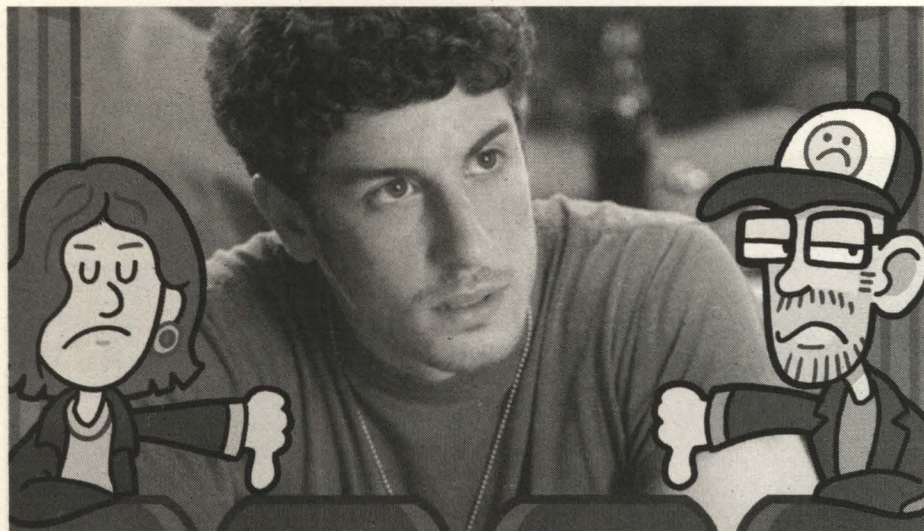
Collective have witnessed the same group of people, all elected DSU representatives, or one DSU representative with his friends, deface Pride materials or make derogatory comments about the DSU's Pride Liaison and other queers on campus. What has the response been? Deny, deny, deny. That, or sending one of their people out to suck up to Pride Collective members to find out if we're going to impeach them or not. Impeach you? Why bother? We'd rather go to the police and press charges, or put in a formal complaint with the Human Rights Commission.

With the DSU's election rearing its ugly head in the near future, I can only imagine that this group of representatives responsible for fueling and encouraging hate in a student-owned building would be cowardly enough to continue to deny allegations and make cheap efforts to win the queer vote, rather than take proactive measures to live up to what they say they are on paper and in policy. If you're a homophobe and a coward, I can think of other organizations that would appreciate your efforts much better. Why not run as an Independent candidate in the next municipal, provincial, or federal election, or sign up for membership with the KKK, and get the fuck out of my organization? Queers may seem like easy targets to you, but we've fought and won larger battles. We're ready to take you on, and we're going to win.

So to these people who are so against having queers and queer events on campus that you would vandalize or try to sabotage our events think of this...one in ten people is queer! So maybe you should be asking yourselves, "Who close to me is queer, and what can I do to support them?" rather than "How many free beers and manipulative stunts will it take to win the queer vote at Douglas College?"

Smith & Reeve at the Movies

Iain W. Reeve and Steph Smith, Two Thumbs Up Our Noses



Finally trying to remove himself, both literally and figuratively, from a pie, Jason Biggs stars as a member of the US Cold War era army accidentally sent to Greenland and is mistaken for another officer. While searching for answers, he soon uncovers things he wasn't meant to in *Guy X*.

Reeve:

I recall seeing a poster for this movie about a month ago. It carried the seal of many film festivals and one critic proclaimed Biggs as a "comic genius." I suddenly felt intrigued as to how the guy who fucked the pie could be a comic genius. I can safely say that this critic was either confused or was watching another picture. Not only is this film lacking comedic genius, but lacks a coherent theme or message as well.

There are plenty of things that made me think throughout that this would be a solidly intriguing film. The cinematography is quite sharp and imaginative. There is some fantastic use of lighting and colour, and the Greenlandian (is Greenlandian actually a word?) scenery is truly breathtaking. On top of this, there are some solid performances. Veteran Michael Ironside takes a delightfully eccentric, albeit immobile, turn as the title character.

Jeremy Northam is also equal parts hard-ass and unpredictable as the base commander who refuses to accept that Biggs' character isn't the officer he is expecting. Biggs' performance is far from genius, but he pulls off the strongest, though far from flawless, performance I've yet seen from him. The kid has *some* promise.

There is a lot to dislike, though. Without giving too much away, this is just one of those films where telling you very little ends up hurting in the end. Whereas *Broken*

Flowers, a film of similar tone, managed to score huge points by keeping the audience in the dark; *Guy X* resolves nothing and means nothing. The ending answers none of the questions the audience has, and the rather empty remainder of the plot makes few poignant thematic sentiments. Sure, the day-to-day antics of the troops are fun and at times interesting. Sure, the army newspaper that Biggs' character is put in charge of is a neat plot idea. But the film inevitably makes no statement.

I'm normally a sucker for a good black comedy. Many of my favourite films of all time are ones that master a delicate balance of realistic humour with real drama and suspense. The genre-less films, those that combine a variety of moods and devices, are the greatest. I find these films to be a true slice of real life. With some near-believable characters, a neat story idea, and some nice camera work, *Guy X* could have been a solid film in the vein of Wes Anderson's recent work. Instead, it is essentially a poor man's *American Beauty*.

Smith:

The tag line reads, "Jason Biggs is a comedic genius!" I should have known then what I was in for. This is the

American Pie kid. He is not a comedic genius, and especially not in this film. It was not a comedy, and Jason Biggs did not show even a slight sign of being funny. Because of this, I don't know where to put this film. War film, conspiracy film, comedy...none of them fit, while at the same time all of them fit. I suppose the reason I disliked it so much was the erratic nature of the film, that and its disjointed storyline. It's a good thing to place various elements from various genres into a film, but it must be done in such a way as to make it seem like one consistent movie. *Guy X* jumped around from style to style so much that I was unsure as to what I was watching.

The acting was surprisingly good, especially considering the casting. Jason Biggs played his finest role to date in this film. And I don't even mean that in comparison to jamming his junk in a pie, he actually seems to be a decent actor. If not for the lackluster script he was given, I feel this might have been his breakthrough performance. Natascha McElhone was fabulous in her role as the love interest/nurse/fellow army officer, and Michael Ironside was wonderful as Guy X, the supposedly brain dead soldier whom the story revolves around. He was heart wrenching and honest, and he had maybe 20 lines.

In the end, the movie was boring. There was no exciting point in the plot, nor any conflict resolution or explanation at the end. Sometimes that is okay, a film like *Broken Flowers* can get away with being unresolved because of the way the film it written and presented. This one was supposed to end. This film was supposed to have a resolution.

Actually, to be honest, it did, it just wasn't a very well written or coherent one. It seemed like the ending was thrown together loosely and then tacked on. It lost what little flow the movie had because of this fact. I would definitely give this movie the thumbs down. In the time I spent watching it I could have been doing much more productive things, such as cleaning the cat box or taking out the trash.

Coldplay: January 26th, GM Place

Steph Smith, OP Contributor

First, I must preface this with a big screw you to those people who spent their week making fun of me for going to see Coldplay. The fact that you are in love with a terrible Liz Phair record does not speak to your credibility. You listen to what you like; I listen to what I like. Second, just because they aren't the indie-est of indie bands doesn't mean they aren't worth a damn, and it most certainly does not mean that I have no taste in music. That is all.

Now that I have that out of the way, this was my first time seeing Coldplay and I am glad that I did. They have shown me that the age of showmanship and the art of performing are not dead. Front man Chris Martin knows how to talk to a crowd and knows how to put on a show.

The same, however, can not be said for the opening act, Fiona Apple. Have you ever fallen asleep in an arena filled with thousands of people during a concert? No? Neither had I, but there is always a first time for everything. Not to say she was bad, because she wasn't. She has a wonderfully deep and smoky, almost jazzy voice. The problem with Miss Apple is that she has absolutely no stage presence and her songs are boring.

Coldplay, however, were the opposite. From the erratic seizure inducing lights during "Politik," to the giant yellow glitter filled balloons that floated down from the ceiling during "Yellow," they hit the crowd just right. One of the strangest occurrences of the night was the crowd sing along to "The Scientist." You see, normally when 20,000 people sing a

song in an arena it sounds worse than the Jingle Cats on repeat and set on the record player too fast. Not this crowd. They actually managed to belt forth a beautiful, in tune, and shockingly harmonious rendition of the song. It was truly something. They later repeated the same feat with the final song of the evening, "Fix You."

The only thing I would complain about was the choice of set list. It was mostly pandering to the "I don't own a single album crowd," and was filled with an assortment of radio hits and singles. "Trouble," "God Put a Smile Upon Your Face," "In My Place, Clocks," "Don't Panic," etc. Not many closet classics were thrown into the mix, which is something, I must admit, I always enjoy.

So, for a big arena show, and for a band that plays upbeat music rather than "stare at your shoes and contemplate your crappy life" music, the guys did okay. They put on a good show, pulled out a few laughs, played some well-known hits, and looked like they were having fun, an element so often overlooked in modern day music. Yes, it's about the music, but if you are on stage playing music for a living and you are not having some kind of fun doing it, then you are wasting your position in the music industry. Oh, and they bowed in a row when they were done. I haven't seen that done in a while. It's either so very European of them, or so very theatrical. Either way, it was a cool touch to a very enjoyable show.

Word On The Street

"Did you vote?"



Rebecca Gregoris, Music Student, Doulgas College:

A: Yes, I voted NDP.

Q: Is it true that Jack Layton would appreciate the right to smoke a joint without fear of being criminalized?

A: I don't know, but I didn't want to have a Conservative majority government, I didn't want Liberal, and the Green Party is a wasted vote.



Nathan Leong, UT Transfer Program:

A: No, I didn't vote

Q: WHY THE F--- NOT?

A: I was too lazy (but I am going to vote next time!)



Dr. Gail Edwards, History Professor, Douglas College:

A: Yes.

Q: Who did you vote for?

A: I'm not going to tell you who I voted for. I voted for the person that I felt had done a reasonable job in my riding.



Sarah Maier, General Studies, Douglas College:

A: Yes. I voted Green because I wanted a minority party in office.

Q: Wayne Gretzky or Mario Lemieux?

A: I don't care.

Coquitlam Country Homes for the Homeless

By Brady Ehler, Coquitlam Rep.

It's not a common occurrence to see people panhandling in the streets of Coquitlam, nor is it an every day sight to see someone pushing a shopping cart around without groceries in it.

However, in my three years of living in Coquitlam, I have seen a few homeless people, here and there, diving for aluminum cans, or carrying them in large plastic bags to the recycling centre. The frequency of them is minute, but they are here, not so much in the winter, but in the summer, many of them seem to migrate east from the city to spend time in the "urban country" of Coquitlam.

I first became aware of this in my first summer here, while wandering about aimlessly, as I sometimes do. Central Coquitlam is an urban area that is littered with patches of undeveloped land; square blocks, and larger expanses covered with vegetation, sometimes forested, sometimes thick with blackberry bushes and often inaccessible. However, some people decide to take advantage of these secluded areas and camp out, in camouflaged and otherwise augmented tents.

The first transient-tent I happened upon was near Henderson Mall, deep within the underbrush of a nearby vacant lot. You can imagine my surprise. It wouldn't be the last I'd see. In the three years since then I have seen a few more, including one right next to the Highway! It was camouflaged quite well, and I'm sure I must have passed by it several times, but it was right there next to the Lougheed, near the bridge to PoCo, where thousands of cars undoubtedly passed by every day.

Although it is still winter and the venture may have been doomed to failure from the beginning, I decided to enlist the services of OP photographer, Jen Aird and hunt for one of these elusive Coquitlam bum-homes and prove to the world that they indeed do exist. The first place we chose to look was a spot near the path to my house, a little spot where the neighborhood's teenagers like to hide out and smoke pot. Unfortunately, all we found was a

rusty shopping cart and some soggy bundles of auto-traders. Undeterred, we continued on next checking underneath the nearby creek-bridge, which yielded a make-shift bed of cardboard and an ingenious pillow, which consisted of a shallow cardboard box and a heavy green sweater.

Energized by our findings, we pressed on to the railroad tracks near Orchid Drive. We knew we were on the right track when we happened upon a congregation of three shopping carts, and a Safeway bag full of clothes. We crossed a small bridge, and found another shopping cart, a mattress, and a rolled up length of carpet...but no transient tent. We decided to grab the other shopping carts, to set up a shot, when I spied a bit of white among the vegetation on the other side of the creek. We hurriedly went over to investigate. We followed a path of clothes, shopping carts, and miscellaneous items to...some wood

planks and an empty wine jug. However, we decided to press on a little further and found, after no more than a half hour of searching, our first Coquitlam bum-home. It was a three-man tent covered by a large tarp; there were also all sorts of modifications, including a closed-off entrance made from a large section of Styrofoam.

So, without much effort, we found proof that country dwelling for the homeless in Coquitlam does, indeed, exist. Unfortunately, it was the only one we found all day. We spent the next three hours scouring the hot-spots for country-homes, but to no avail. We found hoards of shopping-carts, clothing, and even an old oil-drum, which appeared to have been used for fires, but no more country-homes.

Perhaps our lack of success is due to the unfavorable winter weather; it is certainly not a result of a decrease in homeless population. According to Michael Goldberg, research

director for SPARC BC (Social Planning and Research Council of British Columbia) and coordinator of the 2005 homeless count, Coquitlam had a homeless population of 30, a big jump from the 13 the city was believed to have contained in 2002. Some people may be surprised that Coquitlam is home to any transients at all, however, 30 people is still relatively small potatoes compared to the 1,310 who resided in Vancouver in 2005.

Perhaps it is inevitable though, that the more urban the suburbs become, the more homeless they will contain. In the past three years, the only cities in the Lower Mainland area not to experience raises in levels of homelessness were Pitt Meadows and Maple Ridge.

The total number of Greater Vancouver homeless people has doubled from 1,049 in 2002 to 2,112 in 2005.



I found it on
teh interweb!



Iain W. Reeve, Only Popular on
the Internet

This week's website:

Craig's List

We are all missing something in life. A fulfilling job, a cool place to live, a 1969 Gibson SG with an original Bigsby bridge, two chicks at the same time, etc. Well, no matter if your wish is finding a new basement suite in which to lay your 40-year-old futon mattress, selling all your belongings to pay the rent, or finding a high-paying job to avoid that, Craig's List can help you.

Now, let me warn you, this site isn't pretty. Like 12 shots of Jagermeister on your girlfriend's birthday, it just gets the job done. It is essentially a giant classified section with a different page for every major city. Well...not every city, but they have Vancouver so just shut up and like it smart-ass.

"So," you may say, "what the hell is so good about that Mr. Interweb guy? The classifieds are in my copy of the Sun everyday!" Well, first of all, you can view and post classifieds for free. Second of all, the list keeps old posts up on a 45-day backlog, letting you look extra hard for that piano or boy you want! Third, the posts are wicked. Cool jobs come up on here, sweet pads, and the occasional not crazy person. I found both my newest job and newest place to live here. Still no luck finding ladies though, but it's not like I would ever be pathetic enough to post on an Internet classified...right?

So, be sure to check out the list if you need to fill your life with something you're missing. Personally, I would settle for either a set of bagpipes, or a girl who likes to just sit and read at a dimly lit café sipping Earl Grey. Man, it was my New Year's resolution to keep my loneliness out of my editorials. Ah whatever, it's February, all that crap is out the window now.

Send your submissions for "I Saw In On The Interweb" or mysterious love letters to
aeditor@gmail.com

The Mountain Goats: The Sunset Tree

Brady Ehler, OP Music Hound

the Mountain Goats THE SUNSET TREE



Before I get into it, let me just say that this isn't exactly a new album; it was released in April of 2005, however, this is a fantastic album that was left out of any of the 2005 top ten lists that I've seen. Anyways, you probably haven't heard of the Mountain Goats, or this album, so it's probably news to you, at least that's the theory I'm going to operate on.

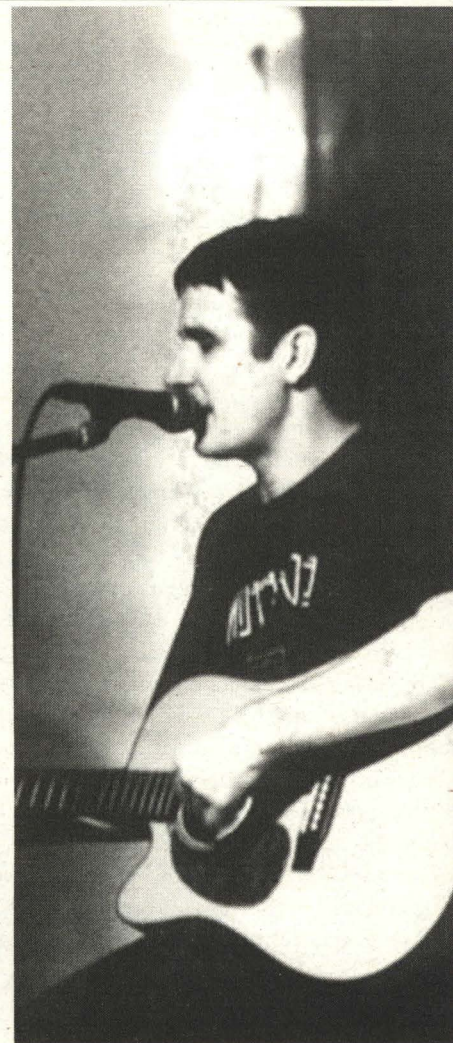
The Mountain Goats is centered on one man: John Darnielle, who writes a song before he scratches his nuts in the morning and two more before breakfast. Darnielle initially began releasing material in 1991 (on cassette tapes only) through a small underground label while working as a nurse in California. Eleven years and thirteen albums later, The Mountain Goats sound has evolved from "badly recorded (yet well constructed) guitar and vocals songs," into well-produced and polished compositions. They often contain a full range of instruments, including real string sections and piano lines that complement Darnielle's guitar playing like peanut butter compliments jelly.

Darnielle's recent albums have taken a turn for the autobiographic, and *The Sunset Tree* is perhaps his most honest personal album to date. Darnielle has a voice that summons images of pocket protectors and thick-rimmed glasses. However, the lyrical content of the album quickly dispels that image, as we are told the story of the singer's childhood in a broken home. *The Sunset Tree* opens with the reflective "You or Your Memory," a preface to the album that gets us headed down memory lane. The album continues with "Broom People," and the setting is painted with music. The following song—which is the single and

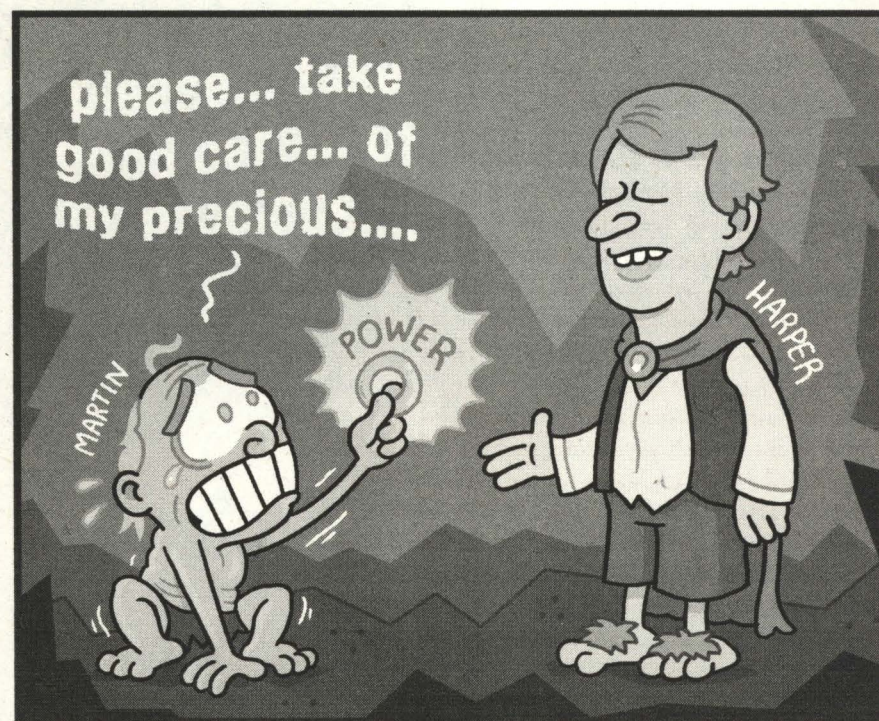
actually has a music video—"This Year," begins to deal with Darnielle's frustrated youth, as he steals his parent's car, gets drunk at the arcade, meets up with a love interest, and drives home to face the imminent beating. The album reaches and then holds a torrid pace, and we are taken on a journey through young love, clashes with an abusive step father, salvation through music, drug and alcohol abuse, the death of the step father, and life after a disastrous adolescence.

The Sunset Tree is a rare album in that it

is powerfully emotional, yet the songs are reined in enough to keep the album listenable. That being said, there are some moments that are quite sentimental, though they sound better on some days than others. For those of you out there who like a good story in their music and think there aren't enough concept albums out there, *The Sunset Tree* delivers just that. For those of you who are more attracted to songs that are complete and strong in their own right, this album may appeal to you as well!



Editorial Cartoon By JJ McCullough



Three Years of Bad Luck: Spider-Man and the Black Cat

Vince Yim, OP Comic Book Guy



After displaying his love for comics in his films (especially *Chasing Amy*), filmmaker Kevin Smith's work in comics (*Daredevil*, *Green Arrow*) has garnered praise for his engaging dialogue and characterization, and scorn for his inability to meet deadlines. *Spider-Man and the Black Cat: The Evil That Men Do* evokes both.

The book is bold in many respects, venturing into some fairly adult themes not usually seen in a medium often seen as juvenile. Whether it be sex crimes, drugs, or adult relationships, Smith approaches the material with a sense of maturity, avoiding anything exploitive (although Terry Dodson's cheese cake depictions of Black Cat may compromise that). While this may be a sign that comic books have finally matured beyond the original audience (namely kids), it makes for a more unrestrained read.

The first three issues of this series were released back in 2002. Telling the story of the friendly neighbourhood wall-crawler and his team-up with his occasional love interest Black Cat (Marvel's answer to DC Comics' Catwoman), it had the two working together to solve a string of mysterious drug overdoses. After learning that a

supervillain is using his powers to teleport heroin into his victims' bloodstreams, Black Cat goes after the villain, only to fall victim herself. As the third issue wraps up, things look bad for our heroine in black....

And then nothing. The book languished for three years as Kevin Smith worked on the movie *Jersey Girl*, not continuing the series until December 2005, when the fourth issue finally hit the stands. So was it really worth the wait?

As readers are accustomed to having serialized stories come out on a consistent basis, any lag time longer than a few months can derail any momentum built up. In various interviews, Smith has indicated that the story was revised during the three-year hiatus. Whether or not this version is truly better remains to be seen. Although, with a wait this long, anything less than a good story would be unforgivable.

Sadly, the fourth issue is a bit of a disappointment, leaving the reader to wonder why they waited this long for it. In all fairness, now that the series is complete, it can be read from beginning to end, and the story can be

fully appreciated. Certainly, there is a lot going for it. Kevin Smith brings his razor-sharp dialogue, while managing to steer clear of the crude humour that typified his earlier films, and Terry Dodson's artwork is as slick as ever. There are laugh-out-loud moments peppered throughout the series (especially in the first half), balanced with the right amount of action appropriate for a superhero comic book.

Overall, the series is enjoyable and definitely worth a look, although it is best appreciated when read as a whole. While not necessarily showing Kevin Smith at his finest, the work is certainly an entertaining and worthy read.

Spider-Man and the Black Cat: The Evil That Men Do
Issues reviewed: 1—6

Story by Kevin Smith

Art by Terry and Rachel Dodson

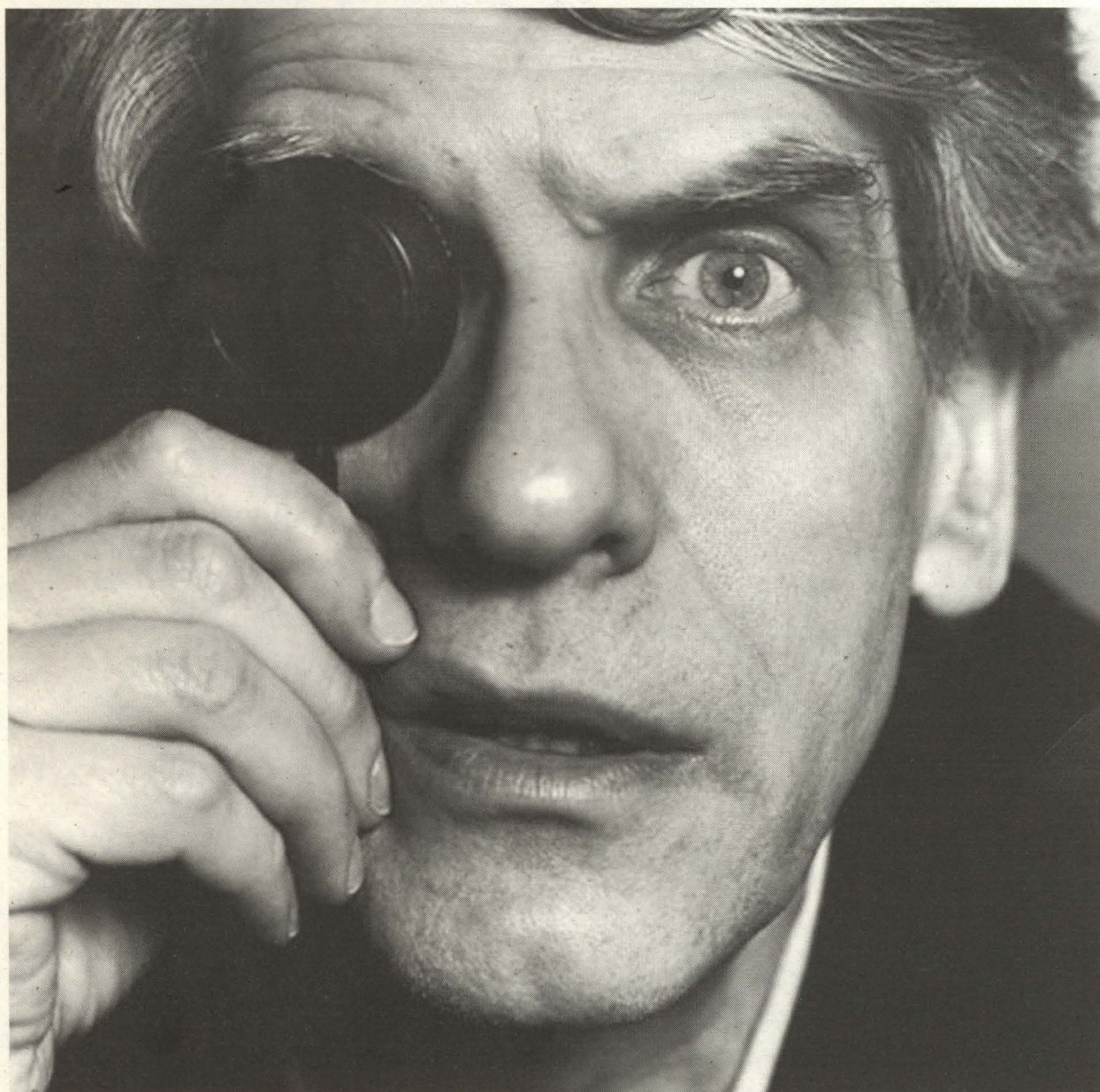
Published by Marvel Comics

\$4.25 CDN/issue

David Cronenberg

The buzz is out, but will Canada's "King of Venereal Horror" be at the Oscars?

By Kevin Welsh, OP Features Editor



When speaking of great Canadian filmmakers, the conversation inevitably swings towards the incomparable Norman Jewison (*Fiddler on the Roof*, *Agnes of God*, *The Hurricane*), who has been making Oscar-caliber films for decades, or Atom Egoyan (*The Sweet Hereafter*), whose films are always championed by critics yet ignored by Hollywood and the masses. An un-obvious choice, though, would be David Cronenberg, a man who's been making grisly, far-fetched, biological horror films for decades. However, 2005 could finally be the year where Cronenberg claims his rightful place among Canada's greatest filmmakers thanks to his film, *A History of Violence*.

Starring Viggo Mortensen (*The Lord of the Rings*), Ed Harris (*The Truman Show*), and William Hurt (*Dark City*), *A History of Violence* revolves around the life of a mild-mannered storeowner (Mortensen), and how his and his family's life is impacted when he's forced to use deadly violence to thwart an attempted robbery.

To date, Cronenberg has received seven nominations for *A History of Violence*, including nods from the prestigious Cannes Film Festival and his first ever Golden Globe nomination. From the seven nominations Cronenberg has earned, four are Best Director nods from the Chicago Film Critics Association, the Online Film Critics Society, the Toronto Films Critics Association, and

the National (US) Society of Film Critics.

Cronenberg is no stranger to awards and nominations. His films have frequently competed for the Golden Palm (Best Film) Award at Cannes, and though he has yet to win, his 1996 film, the controversial *Crash*, did prompt the organizers at Cannes to create a "Special Jury Prize for Cinematic Audacity." He has also had fantastic results from the Canadian Genie Awards, where he has earned the Best Achievement in Direction awards five times for *Spider* (2002), *Crash* (1996), *Naked Lunch* (1991), *Dead Ringers* (1988), and *Videodrome* (1983—tying with Bob Clark who directed *A Christmas Story*). Cronenberg was also nominated for the award in 1981 for *Scanners*.

A History of Violence will not be up for any Genie awards this year as the film was heavily financed with American money, something that has rarely been the case in Cronenberg's career.

Cronenberg is known as the "King of Venereal Horror," and for good reason. He began his film making career making low-budget, gory horror films obsessed with medical tampering and biological mutation. His first film, *Shivers* (1975) was about an experimental parasite that could enter the human body and take over the duties of ailing organs. Naturally, the parasites actually turn everybody into sex-crazed, bloodthirsty maniacs.

After *Shivers* came *Rabid* (1977), where an

experimental plastic surgery technique turns a young lady into a bloodthirsty, sex-crazed, mosquito-woman who spreads rabies when she has sex. *The Brood* (1979) was about an experimental anger management therapy that caused a woman to give birth to a group of killer, mutant children. *Scanners* (1981), was about an experimental pregnancy medication that caused children to be born with destructive telepathic powers. *Videodrome* (1983) revolved around a mysterious television show that caused viewers to hallucinate and develop mortal tumours.

Based largely on the surprising commercial and critical success of *Scanners* and *Videodrome*, Cronenberg was allowed an opportunity to direct mainstream American pictures. In 1983, he was offered the opportunity to direct *Star Wars Episode VI: Return of the Jedi*, but turned it down. Instead, he filmed Stephen King's novel *The Dead Zone*. Cronenberg's next picture wasn't until 1986, when he remade *The Fly*.

Since then, however, Cronenberg has returned to his independent, Canadian roots. And though he has remained faithful to his obsession with biological and human tampering, he has strayed from gory horror into psychological thriller territory. In 1988, he made *Dead Ringers*, a disturbing look at the psychological link between twins. After *Dead Ringers*, Cronenberg has made *Naked Lunch* (1991), *M. Butterfly* (1993), *Crash* (1996), *eXistenZ* (1999), and *Spider* (2002).

Despite the bizarre and, often, distasteful subject matter of his films, Cronenberg has always been able to attract A-list actors to his sets. Throughout his career, Cronenberg has worked with Oliver Reed, Patrick McGeehan, James Woods, Christopher Walken, Jeff Goldblum, Geena Davis, Jeremy Irons, Peter Weller, James Spader, Debra Unger Kerr, Jude Law, and Ralph Fiennes. *A History of Violence* has benefited from fine performances by Mortensen, Harris, Hurt, and Maura Biello, and there's Oscar buzz about the performances, as well.

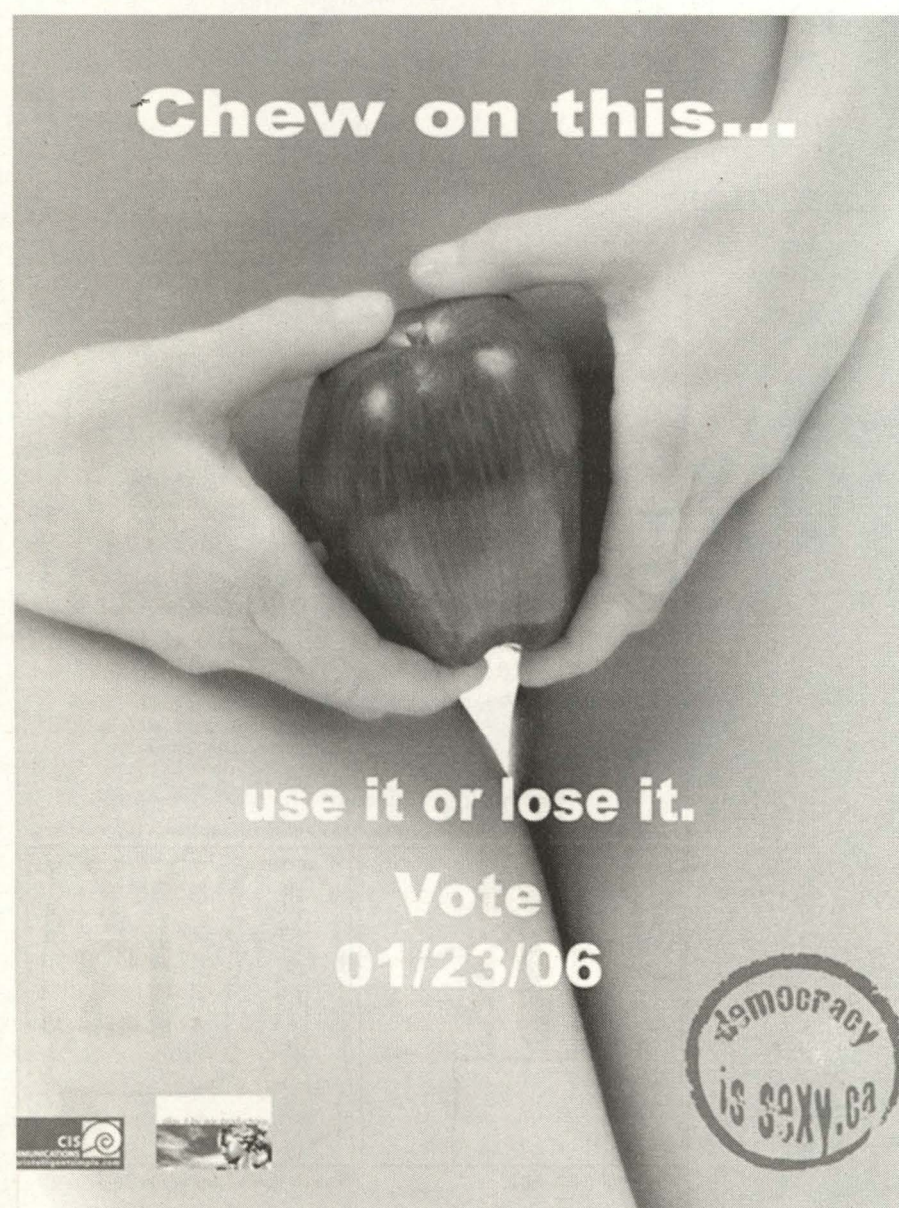
Though Cronenberg has always had his share of critical praise, and has received a total of 54 individual award nominations and has won 30 of those awards, it is the Academy Awards that continue to elude him. Cronenberg and his films have been ignored before; perhaps most notably being Jeff Goldblum's Oscar worthy performance in *The Fly*, and Jeremy Irons' magnificent turn as the disturbed twins in *Dead Ringers*. Granted, horror films have never fared well at the Academy's annual ball, but there is hope for *A History of Violence*.

The Golden Globe awards, which are handed out a few weeks before the Oscar nominations are announced, are often accurate in predicting who will get the nod in what category. That Cronenberg received a nomination for directing *A History of Violence* would seem to bode well. However, the Oscars are often reserved for mainstream, commercially dominant directors that stray well away from the experimental biological and medical territory. They like their subject matter more palatable and a little safer.

Yet, *A History of Violence* is Cronenberg's most universally accessible film; dealing with the impact of violence on the human psyche, and not the impact of medical deviancy on the human body, and so it would come as little surprise if a nomination was earned. Then, perhaps Cronenberg, the un-obvious choice as one of Canada's greatest filmmakers, could finally become an obvious choice.

Sexy Democracy

By Tyler Morency, Intercamp (Grant MacEwan College)



EDMONTON (CUP)—Johnny Cash is standing behind his guitar, pointing his middle finger. Smoke from a rolled cigarette circles around Bob Marley's head. A shirtless Sid Vicious and his girl, Nancy, are strung out, both in leather pants. Bottles of Stolichn and Ballantine's sit behind the bar. This isn't where musicians go when they die. These are the pieces of ambience detailing the walls of a dimly lit, granite-floored pub in downtown Edmonton. Federal candidates and young voters talk over pints of Sleeman's and Guinness like old friends.

Few would imagine that federal politics looks like this, but Democracy Is Sexy, an Edmonton-based voter advocacy campaign, seeks to change that.

Democracy is Sexy is a non-partisan campaign that aims to increase political awareness in young voters. The campaign has included door-knocking, distributing free condoms, and this Candidates' Forum in Red Star, a small pub that seems more at home with live bands than politics.

The campaign has also been going to places that are considered by some to be "the wrong side of the tracks," places that typically have the lowest voter turnouts. Most mainstream party politicians don't campaign in these areas. They didn't bring condoms but they did bring a pamphlet printed in 22 different languages that includes election information, namely how to register to vote. Volunteer Alistair King says many people they spoke to may not be eligible as voters as many are recent immigrants.

"It's about getting them introduced in the process early," he says.

Democracy is Sexy campaign organizer, Rachel Bocock, agrees. She points across the bar.

"Over there I see a candidate chatting with an undecided voter," she says. "For

young people, a formal style Q&A may not appeal to them. But coming out to a pub and sitting and chatting and trading ideas—we're hoping will appeal to them."

Eligible voters aged 18 to 25 have a terrible reputation for showing up to the polls on election day. An oft-quoted Stats Canada fact says only 30 percent of eligible voters from that demographic cast their ballot in 2004.

"Young people just aren't getting out to vote and if we let older generations make those decisions they are going to make decisions based on their own values and their own view of the world," says Bocock. "There isn't anything wrong with that, but it's important that young people bring their perspective to politics."

This can be writing your MP or even getting involved with your favourite political party. It may be surprising how quickly things move.

"Two weeks after I joined the Liberal Party, I was asking Paul Martin about democratic reform," says former MacEwan SA executive of operations and finance Jason Morris. Morris met Paul Martin at a fundraiser in Sherwood Park. Martin was the country's finance minister at the time.

"There's an ivory tower feeling about backroom politics people, but really, that's not true," Morris says. "The truth is that the difference between the average person and the person who's involved in politics is that the person [in politics] was motivated to do it."

"The thing that surprised me the most was that the people organizing our political parties don't know anything more than anyone else does," he says. "It's not a deep hierarchy. It's not long before you can talk to people with real decision-making power."

Morris started into politics late. While working as, in his words, "a computer geek," he says he spent his spare time reading about politics on the Internet.

"This is about the time I saw some really stupid things happening in the US as a result of 9/11," Morris said. "I think that had something to do with it."

He now studies political science at the University of Alberta. For Morris, going to school is a part of the political process because he says he wants to learn how to affect change properly as part of the system. Recently, Morris won the Hyndman Scholarship for student leadership. Only two people win it a year and it's worth \$12,500.

Morris says he's proud of what he's done as a student leader, but working in politics wasn't for his own satisfaction.

"I kind of just worried what society was going to turn into. I started looking at what it is to actually get involved," he says.

Becoming involved is an important part of a young person's life says, David Cournoyer, of the University of Alberta Student Union, executive policy and information officer.

"There are a lot of students, they go into school, especially college or university, and they concentrate on getting that 4.0 GPA and all they want to do is study. They think that just having great marks is enough; they will be fine in the world afterwards," he says. "They graduate and they think, 'what do I do now?'"

Cournoyer says he advocates young people to join an NGO or campus service in order to get valuable life experiences that can't be bought from a department store. He helped a local charity deliver Christmas hampers to needy families over the holiday season.

"It's so easy to get involved," he says. "The best thing about volunteering is you can choose to do as little or as much as you want."

He remembers wandering up to voters' doors for federal candidates when he was nine years old. He is now 22.

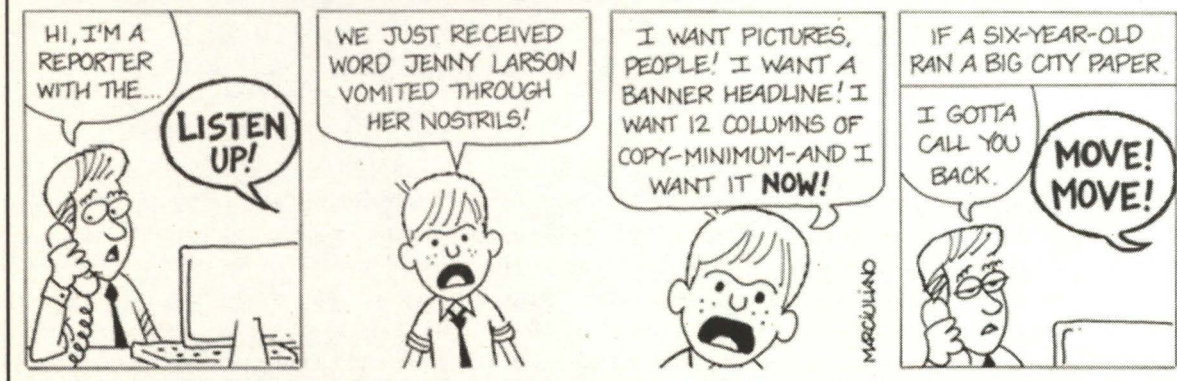
"They got me early," he says about his parents. "They encouraged me and my sister to be very politically aware. They encouraged involvement in the political system."

Back in the Red Star, four of Edmonton's youngest federal candidates answer questions from the young audience about the military, arts funding, and gun violence. A young voter asks about an Ontario MP who tried to have 50 Cent banned from playing in Toronto. Shortly after he asks, "Boxer, brief, full-seater, thong, or bikini?"

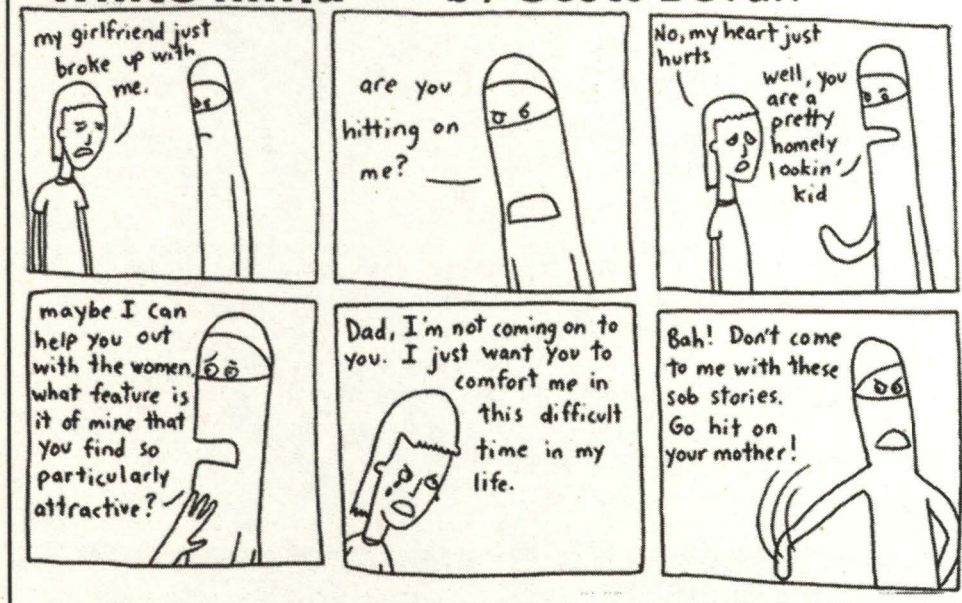
"Well, it depends on what you are wearing but sometimes you got to wear a thong," says Liberal Nicole Martel. The young crowds laughs and whistles. Neal Gray, an Edmonton Strathcona candidate cracks a joke about bikini briefs.

"I need another beer by the way," says Edmonton Strathcona incumbent, Rahim Jaffer, as he raises an empty glass.

MEDIUM LARGE by Francesco Marciuliano



white ninia by Scott Bevan



大型電影製作



"Pirated Music" (dao ban yin yue)

"Fried Rice" (chao fan)

Thought he was getting "Bandit"

Should have been more specific when she asked the tattoo artist to write "tasty dish" on her back.

嚴祖文

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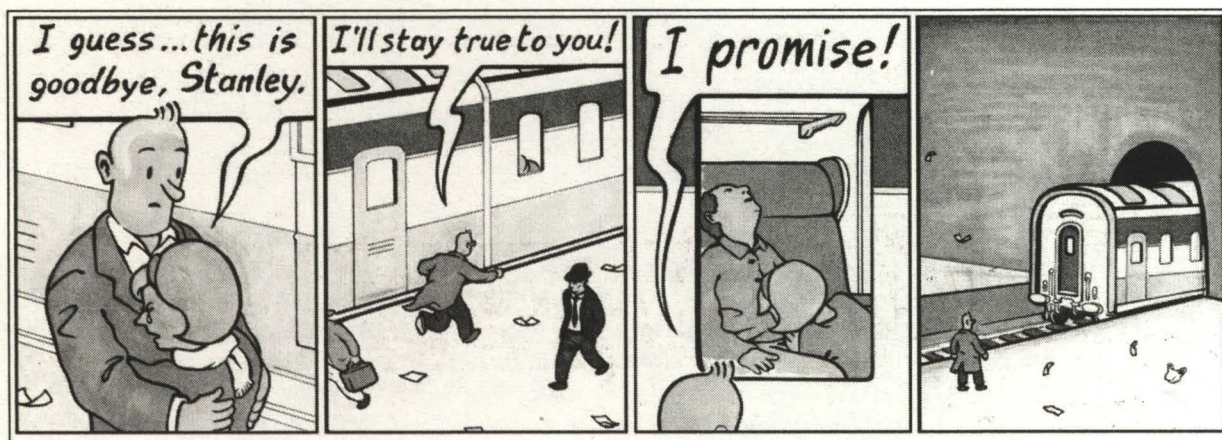
"Prostitute" (chang ji)

"I Love Penis" (wo ai yin jing)

The sign on the tattoo parlor wall said that the symbol meant "Princess."

Thought he was getting his girlfriend's name, forgot to ask for a second opinion.

Perry Bible Fellowship



By Nicolas Gurewitch

Mawani's Bird's Eye View

By Brian McLennon, OP Sports Editor



In the first badminton tournament of the season, the Royals smashed their way through the competition to capture first place overall this past weekend at the Capilano College Sportsplex in North Vancouver.

The Royals simply dominated the field, winning four gold medals and three silvers en route to their first tournament victory in over two years with a final total of 219 points. The early victory will put some breathing room between them and the defending British Columbia Colleges' Athletic Association (BCCAA) Champions, Langara College (164). With a 55-point differential, it's now the Royals who sit with a bird's eye view.

"This weekend definitely will help us. Our athletes played very well and they were able to win some of the head to head matches with Langara," said Head Coach, Al

Mawani. "Lyndsay [Thomson] had an excellent tournament and has performed to expectations," he continued.

The highly touted Victoria native from Stelly's Secondary won a combined total of three medals; gold in the women's singles and the women's double and a bronze medal in the mixed doubles competition. For her accomplishments, Thompson was awarded the BCCAA Female Athlete of Week. "It's kind of exciting," she commented as she learned that she had also nominated for the Canadian Colleges' Athletic Associations' (CCAA), Athlete of the Month.

In addition to Thompson's performance, the entire Royals badminton team compiled the highest overall points total at a BCCAA tournament in over two years. The quad 1st place victories had the Royals on the centre podium in every event except for in the Men's Singles Championship match, however the Royals still earned some points as rookie, Jan Veiel won the consolation match. "Jan played very well this past weekend and we were very pleased with his performance," said Mawani. "Another surprise for us was Phil [Weier] who picked up a pair of gold medals in the Men's Doubles and the in the Mixed Doubles competitions."

The Women's Singles final saw a pair of Douglas athletes going head-to-head, with Thomson matched up against her teammate Charmagne Yeung. Thomson ended up defeating Yeung to capture the gold.

In the Men's Doubles competition, Alvin Lau and Philip Weier defeated Langara's Liu and Ng to take first place; and the Women's Doubles championship match was an all Douglas event as Thomson and Charmagne Yeung

defeated their teammates Akiko Ito and Alice Lee to earn top place. The Mixed Doubles championship match saw Philip Weier and Yeung defeat teammates Alvin Lau and Thomson.

"What a great start for our badminton team," said athletic director, Lou Rene Legge. "I'm confident that Al [Mawani] is happy with the performance of his team. He's a sensational coach who knows how to win and this weekend is a perfect example of that."

A Burnaby Sports Hall of Fame inductee, Mawani has a legacy of National Championships at Douglas College. Count them, 19 CCAA National Championships banners hang from the rafters inside the New West gymnasium. This awesome display of domination at the national level resulted in Douglas College being awarded with CCAA's 25th Anniversary's Badminton Supremacy Award for Canada. This prestigious award recognized Douglas College as the top badminton program in Canada, which has over 102 member institutions after over 25 years in existence.

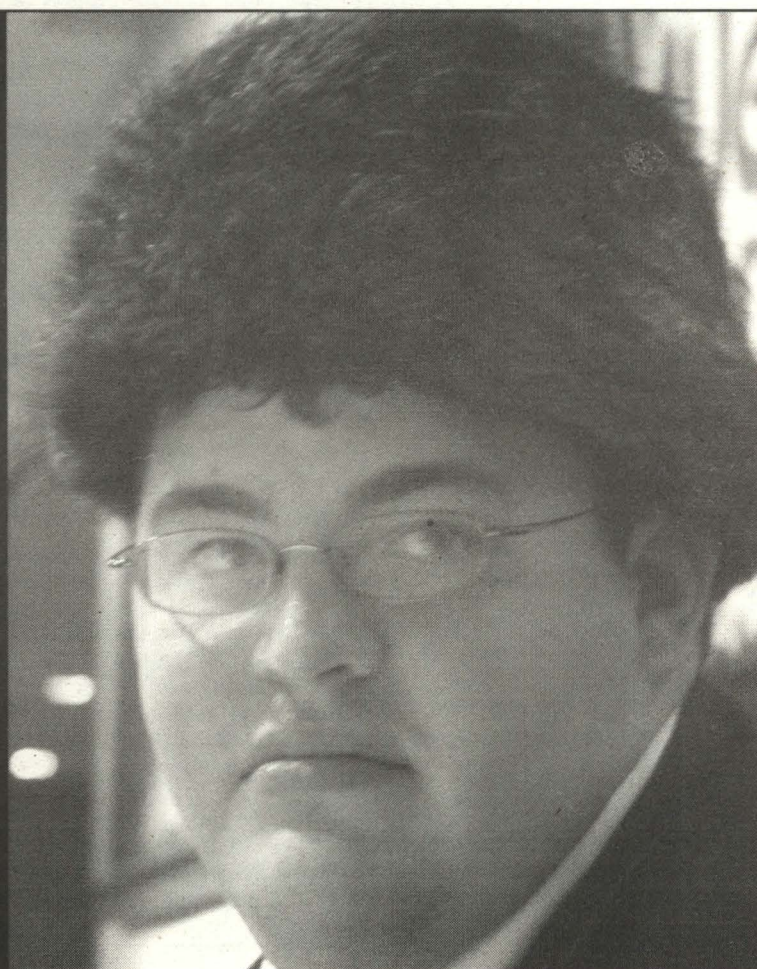
Mawani, a UBC Human Kinetics Instructor, has established himself as a first-rate competitive coach. In addition to his work at UBC, he operates his own business (Shuttle Sport International), which provides the tools necessary for athletes and coaches to "raise the bar." Mawani's special effort to provide leadership in the world of sport has helped to develop grass roots and elite programs.

Douglas College will host the next league tournament on February 4 and 5 at the Pinetree College Campus. Check the Badminton team page for more details.

WRITE FOR THE OTHER PRESS

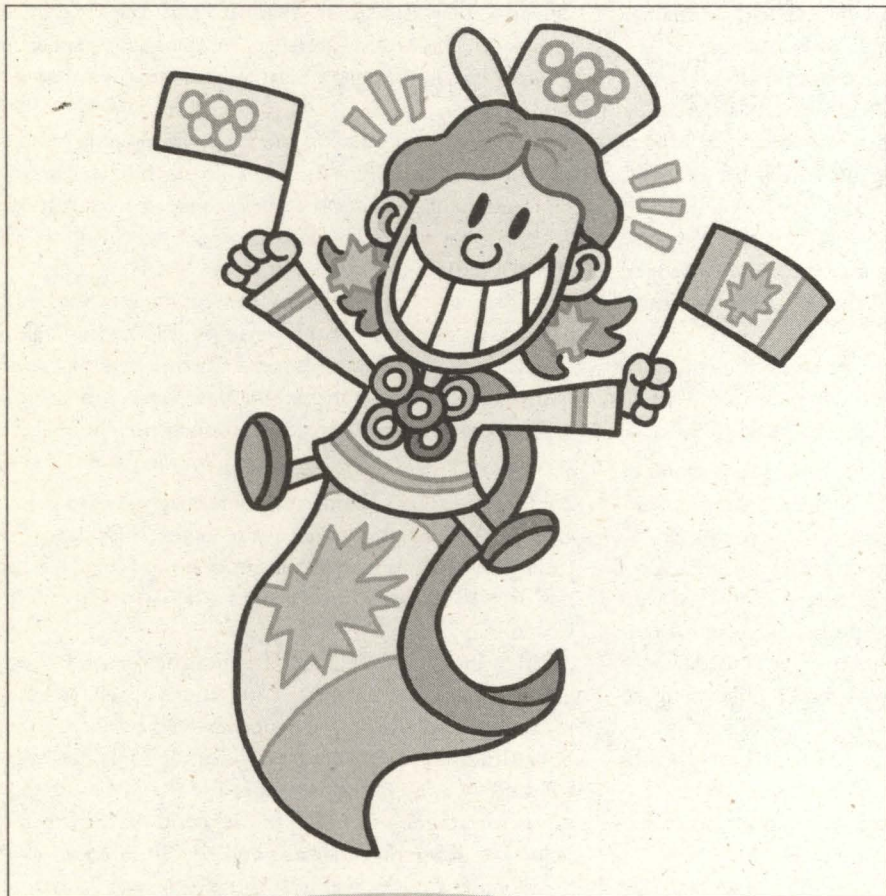
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Olympic Games, How I Love Thee

Steph Smith, OP Contributor



I love the Olympics. I just absolutely adore them. Be they Winter Games or Summer Games, nothing thrills me more than sitting down to watch my country go for the gold. The spirit of sportsmanship and the quest for glory excites me in ways that not much else does. With the games quickly drawing close, I decided to sit down and figure out why I love them so.

First and foremost, I think that I just plain love sports. I think nothing is greater than hockey night in Canada's double (or triple) header hockey nights. Watching six or

even nine hours of hockey is brilliant. There is also football, NFL and CFL. There is tennis, and soccer (or football, if you will). If I see a sport on TV, I will inevitably leave it there and consider myself set for the day.

That being said, I adore the Winter Games. They include my favourites such as hockey, skiing, snowboarding, and speed skating. I know my love of hockey is second to none, and being able to watch my Canadian boys kick so much international ass brings me much joy. Knowing that I live in a county where my team is the best of the best is a great feeling. Remember 2002 when Canada beat the US for Gold in both the men's and women's? I was sitting in a pub in downtown Vancouver dressed in the red and white with a beer raised high in my hand, a tear in my eye, belting out Oh Canada loud enough for those in Salt Lake to actually hear it. Pride? I got it in spades.

I also love my snowboarding and skiing, not quite to the same extent that I love my hockey, but watching those skiers glide down the hills with so much speed grace always makes me smile. I can barely manage to remain on my feet while walking, let alone be successful at something like moguls. I hurt just looking at them. But the joy on the faces of the athletes after a good run, what a rush! And the joy on my face when they nail it, it's a beautiful thing.

And it's not just the Winter Games that get me all teary eyed and singing. Oh no, the Summer Games do the same. Swimming, diving, and rowing all get me misty. With these summer sports, I think it's the association with the water that gets me. I grew up on the water and was always a swimmer. To me, nothing is more relaxing than a nice day-long swim. Just throw me in any body of water and I'm in heaven. Lakes, rivers, oceans, ponds, pools, and puddles; it's all bliss to me. So watching those athletes dive in and swim their butts off makes me feel at home. The speed they get, and the satisfaction gained, is one of a kind.

So with the Olympics in Turin coming up so quickly, I am looking forward to them with joyous anticipation. Sure, Canada may not win as many medals as Russia or the US, but it's not really about that for me. It is not about quantity, it is about quality. Just being able to watch the games—and knowing that my country has a shot—is enough. Just being able to hear them say, "Next, competing for Canada..." is enough to get me on the edge of my seat and ready to cheer.

This year the men's Olympic Gold Medal hockey game is at 8pm EST or 5pm PST. I'll be back at the bar yet again, beer raised high in hand, dressed in the red and white, ready to sing my national anthem as they hoist that beautiful flag high above the arena and clad our men in gold. It's so close and so beautiful that I can almost taste it. Go Canada.

UPCOMING GAMES



Upcoming Games

Feb. 1-7, 2006

Friday, February 3

Basketball vs. Okanagan (Kelowna, BC)

Women: 6pm, Men: 8pm

Saturday, February 4

Badminton Tournament @ Pinetree CC.
(Coquitlam, BC)

All Day

Wheelchair Basketball Tournament

(New West, BC)

All Day

Women's Rugby vs. Meralomas (Vancouver, BC)

Game Time: 1pm

Wrestling @ Northwest Classic
(Forrest Grove, Or)

Volleyball vs. Okanagan (New West)

Women: 6pm, Men: 7:30pm

Sunday, February 5

Wrestling @ SFU (Burnaby, BC)

All Day

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Vancouver Support group for stutterers. Every alternate Friday, 7-9pm. Room 4310, New West campus. For more info, contact Mary Rose Labandelo: 604.526.1735

Wanted

OPTions for Sexual Health (formerly Planned Parenthood) is looking for volunteers to assist on the Facts of Life Line, a toll-free, confidential, sexual health information and referral resource line. Call 604.731.4552 ext. 224, or visit www.optionsforsexualhealth.com.

AVID HALO 2 PLAYER. Need to have Halo2 game and XBOX Live. Please contact by email. Jamie Campbell. Jamie Campbell12345@hotmail.com

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Last Call

Amanda Aikman, OP Columnist



Last Call
Amanda Aikman, OP Columnist

Let's not play the blame game. Maybe it's your fault for being too lazy and/or illiterate to continue writing in. Maybe it's my fault for advising you so well in the past that you no longer need me to tell you what to do. Whatever the reason, let's not dwell on it, the end result is the same—it's time to move on.

So what shall become of "Last Call?" I suppose I could take the hint and leave gracefully, but I think we both know that isn't going to happen.

I assure you, however, that I will use this forum responsibly. Some weeks I may enlighten you with my highly informed political insights, other weeks I may discuss the finer points of cold fusion, and then there'll be the weeks when I just chat about stuff I've had on my mind. Probably, there'll be more of that last one.

So what's on my mind this week?
Mexico.

Yes, Mexico. I am going to Mexico. Pretty pedestrian as far as vacations go, but it's huge for me. You see, despite my air of cosmopolitan worldliness, I've never actually been anywhere. Well, I've been to St. Johns, Seattle, Winnipeg, and Fargo...but that's as far as my traveling experience extends. So, to me, Mexico might as well be the moon. Except on the moon I probably wouldn't have to wear a bathing suit. Hmmm, maybe it's not too late to reschedule.

Ah, Mexico. True, I have an innate fear of iguanas, the ocean, and Alaska Airlines, but I've also got an innate affection for tequila, quesadillas, and hot cabana boys looking to make a big tip. So, Mexico it is.

Just to be clear, I'm not going on one of those educational, horizon-expanding vacations that involve backpacks and a new appreciation of another culture—I'm heading to Puerto Vallarta for seven nights and eight days in an all-inclusive, brightly coloured hotel-cum-tourist-asylum. This place is massive. Four pools, seven bars, eight restaurants, over 500 guest rooms, private beaches, a salon, and a disco. Fabulous. And disgusting. The perfect combination as far as I'm concerned.

In preparation for my excursion, I've been busy boning up on my Spanish—and my Spaniards—and I must say, it's a joy to be learning again. I may be outing myself as a nerd here, but I like learning. It's like when I first discovered chess, or typing, or grammar—I became slightly obsessed, and tried desperately to master each one in several days. True, I tired of them quickly and moved on to greener pastures (badminton, acoustic guitar, papier mache), but the initial excitement of learning was great while it lasted.

And so, for the past three days I've been spending every spare moment listening to Spanish tutorials on my iPod, and I'm totally hooked. At this point, the only things I can say with confidence are "I would like a bottle of red wine, please," and "No. I am not American, I am Canadian," but I reckon if push comes to shove I can get by with that.

Well, it's been a pleasure chatting to you, but I really must get back to my español now. That means Spanish. Impressed much?



Grade appeal? Harassment complaint?

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The Ombudsoffice is an impartial and neutral third party which honours confidentiality. The office evaluates and investigates complaints as an advocate for Douglas College students.

To make an appointment, call 604.527.5016, or visit room 234A in the students' union building at the New Westminster Campus.

Douglas Students' Union
Canadian Federation of Students Local 18